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Zion's Herald.

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ANNOUNCEMENT --- 1895.

THE editorial management of ZION'S HERALD is based upon the decided conviction that each issue should be carefully anticipated and provided for. A religious paper that depends upon voluntary contributions cannot maintain the highest journalistic standard for strength, timeliness and variety. We have a distinguished corps of writers in our own church and in other denominations who understand that the fruit of their best thought is always welcome.

As a partial list we present the following: Bishops Foster, Merrill, Andrews, Warren, Hurst, Nide, Walden, Mallieu, Vincent, Newman, Goodsell and Thoburn, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Bishops Haygood and Fitzgerald of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and Bishops Arnett and Tanner, of the African M. E. Church. Presidents W. F. Warren, B. P. Raymond, J. E. Day, Henry Wade Rogers, J. W. Bashford, William F. McDowell, Wilbur P. Thirkield, Profs. Daniel Steele, S. F. Upham, William North Rice, C. T. Winchester, C. J. Little, H. C. Sheldon, H. G. Mitchell, M. D. Buell. Drs. Abel Stevens, C. C. McCabe, A. B. Leonard, S. L. Baldwin, J. M. King, G. M. Steele, William Rice, Merritt Hulburd, L. T. Townsend, J. W. Hamilton, J. C. Hartsell, C. H. Payne, Mark Trafton, William Butler, D. A. Whedon, J. L. Withrow, Joseph Cook, W. V. Tudor, John W. Butler, D. N. Beach, W. H. Withrow, W. V. Kelley, D. H. Moore, C. W. Smith, E. E. Hoss, F. M. North, S. J. Herben, S. A. Steel, W. B. Palmore, F. E. Clark, Judge G. G. Reynolds, Hon. Frederick Douglass, Judge H. L. Sibley, Hon. John Field, James Buckham, Rev. Leander S. Keyser, Prof. B. F. Leggett, Prof. Ozora S. Davis, Frances E. Willard, Lucy Rider Meyer, Mary A. Livermore, Mary B. Claflin, Louise Manning Hodgkins, Margaret Bottoms, Jane Bancroft Robinson, Mary Warren Ayars, Myra Goodwin Plante, Mary E. Bamford, Mrs. C. F. Wilder, Harriet A. Cheever, Sarah Blarce Scarborough, Sally Campbell, Julia S. Lawrence, N. A. M. Roe, Annie L. Hannah, Jeannette M. Dougherty, Alice M. House, Meta E. B. Thorne, Olive E. Dana, Kate S. Gates, Belle V. Chisholm, Louise Dunham Goldsberry.

In accordance with our annual custom, we announce, in part, what is already provided for the year 1895. It is evident that only an indication of what may be expected can be given, for we are constantly arranging for fresh contributions in the discussion of new and current topics.

Some Vital Methodist Topics.

Upon "Some Reforms Demanded of the Next General Conference," contributions will be received from REV. J. W. HAMILTON, D. D., WM. NAET BRODBECK, D. D., J. M. KING, D. D., MERRITT HULBURD, D. D., M. M. PARKHURST, D. D., J. W. JOHNSTON, D. D., and others.

Upon the present difficult "Problem of the Sunday Night Service," REV. D. L. TOWNSEND, of Baltimore, ROBERT MCINTYRE, of Denver, A. B. KENDIG, of New York, WALLACE MACMULLEN, of Philadelphia, H. W. BOLTON, of Chicago, and C. L. GOODELL, of Boston, have consented to answer for our readers the following searching inquiries:—

1. What is the character of your Sunday evening service, and the average attendance?
2. Do you find it necessary to resort to "special attractions" to secure your congregation?
3. Do you, as pastor, preach morning and evening; if so, to what extent does the evening sermon treat the topics of the hour?
4. What are the chief difficulties in the problem of the Sunday evening service in your church?
5. What use do you make of your young people in this service?
6. Do you find the "simple Gospel of Christ" sufficient attraction for the people in the evening?
7. Do you usually hold an after-meeting?

Recognizing that the most important question of practical Christianity touching the two Meth-

odisms is their relation to each other, we have invited the following gentlemen to respond to the inquiry: "What will Federation Do for the Two Methodisms?" REV. DR. W. B. MURRAY, of Jackson, Miss.; J. D. HAMMOND, of Fayette, Mo.; JAMES ATKINS, of Asheville, N. C., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and REV. DR. EARL CRANSTON, of Cincinnati, J. H. POTTS, of Detroit, and Hon. ALDEN SPRARE, of Newton Centre, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Denominational Peculiarities.

To understand these peculiarities in our day of sharper discrimination between essentials and non-essentials, and to provoke more intelligent denominational relations, REV. DR. H. S. HARRISON, editor of the *Advocate*, of Chicago, will tell our readers "What the Congregational Church Stands For;" HENRY C. VEDDER, editor of the *Examiner*, New York, "What the Baptists Stand For;" W. C. GRAY, editor of the *Interior*, Chicago, "What Presbyterianism Stands For;" C. A. BICKFORD, editor of the *Morning Star*, Boston, "What the Free Baptist Church Stands For;" W. V. KELLEY, editor of the *Methodist Review*, "What Methodism Stands For." This series will probably be enlarged to include other denominations.

Ministerial Interviews.

As an object-lesson of signal success in the ministry in our city, a series of ministerial interviews will be published, to be prepared by our greatly-appreciated helper, DR. DAVID SHERMAN. Our readers will be made acquainted afresh with Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., pastor of

articles upon "The Church and its Relation to Reformers."

PROF. W. T. DAVISON, D. D., of Handsworth College, Birmingham, England, will continue his series upon "The Theological Drift in the Old World." An eminent Bible scholar (not of our church) has been pleased to characterize these papers as the most important contributions now being published in the religious press.

REV. DAVID SHERMAN, D. D., "The Value of Heresy."

PROF. WILBUR F. STEELE, S. T. D., "A Step Backward Which is Also a Stride Forward."

REV. E. C. BASS, D. D., "Church Debts."

REV. HOWARD HENDERSON, D. D., "The Martyr Bishop of Uganda."

REV. MARK TRAPTON, D. D., "Eccelesiastical Boston Fifty Years Ago."

REV. RICHARD WHEATLEY, D. D., "Genius."

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D., "The Christian's Credentials."

REV. W. B. PALMORE, D. D., "From Epworth to London."

PROF. EDWARD L. PARKS, D. D., of Gammon Theological Seminary, "The Negro and the Methodist Episcopal Church."

BISHOP W. X. NINDE, "Letters suggested by his visit to our Oriental Missions."

REV. B. SHERLOCK, "Spiritual Baptism—the Pentecostal Gift."

MISS JEANNETTE M. DOUGHERTY, of Chicago, will continue her valuable "Art Papers." "My Ideal House and its Furnishings" is the title of a special article.

Mrs. F. H. KNIGHT will afford our readers

swers by REV. D. C. KNOWLES, D. D., of Tilton, N. H.; REV. J. O. SHERBURN, of St. Albans, Vt.; REV. FREDERICK WOODS, D. D., of East Boston; REV. J. I. BARTHOLOMEW, of Stafford Springs, Conn.; REV. H. E. FRODOCK, of Biddeford, Me.; and REV. A. S. LADD, of Calais, Me.

"The Old Days and Ways of Methodism—Were They Better?" will be treated by REV. A. L. COOPER, D. D., of Newport, Vt.; REV. C. D. HILL, D. D., of Manchester, N. H.; REV. I. H. W. WHARFF, of Ellsworth, Me.; REV. L. H. DORCHESTER, of Westfield; REV. W. V. MORRISON, D. D., of Cottage City; and REV. C. F. ALLEN, D. D., of Portland.

The Presiding Elders' Round Table Conference.

To put our readers into closer sympathy with the work of these important representatives of the church, we have asked all the presiding elders of our patronizing Conferences to answer the following inquiry: "What are the Greatest Obstacles, and What the Greatest Encouragements, that Meet You in the Discharge of the Duties of Your Responsible Office?" The following are the names of the presiding elders participating: New England Conference—Revs. J. H. Mansfield, G. F. Katon, J. O. Knowles, E. R. Thorndike. New England Southern Conference—Revs. W. E. Elia, E. Tirrell, S. O. Benton. New Hampshire Conference—Revs. S. C. Keeler, G. W. Norris, O. S. Baketel. Vermont Conference—Revs. L. L. Beaman, L. O. Sherburne, J. Hamilton. Maine Conference—Revs. J. B. Lapham, J. A. Corey, G. B. Palmer. East Maine Conference—B. C. Wentworth, H. W. Norton, W. W. Ogier.

Deferred Contributions.

Every article promised to our readers has the honest pledge of the expected contributor behind it; but it is not always possible, for a variety of reasons, to publish as early as expected, and in a majority of cases this result occurs without fault on the part of either the writer or the editor. We are scrupulously anxious to fulfill our pledges. Contributions promised for 1894 will be published during the four months that still remain. As new subscribers to ZION'S HERALD are entitled to the paper for the rest of the year, they will be gratified to know what awaits them. The following contributions may be expected: BISHOPS ARNETT and TANNER, "The Work of the African M. E. Church for the Colored Race." EDITOR D. H. MOORE, "Reasons why the Methodist Episcopal Church should Elect a Negro Bishop." REV. C. W. ROWLEY, Ph. D., "The Pastor's True Relation to the Sunday-school." PRESIDENT WILBUR P. THIRKIELD, "The Master's Prayer and the Negro's Pies." AN EXPERT, who has trained a great many teachers in physical science, will furnish "Health Papers." A history of *Centenary Church, Charleston, S. C.*, the largest and wealthiest colored church in Methodism, with electrotypes of the church edifice—exterior and interior views.

The series of articles upon "Methodism in the Great Cities" has attracted special and most favorable attention. There remain for our readers: "Methodism in Philadelphia," REV. W. SWINDELL, D. D.; "Methodism in Chicago," EDITOR S. J. HERBEN; "Methodism in Washington," REV. O. A. BROWN, D. D.; "Methodism in Nashville," REV. D. C. KELLEY, D. D.; "Methodism in Toronto," REV. JOHN HUNT, D. D.; "Methodism in Boston," REV. D. H. ELIA, D. D.

Makers of Methodism.

It was an especially rich mine that was struck in the assignments upon "Makers of New England Methodism." There remain of this remarkable list: PROF. JOHN W. MERRILL, D. D., upon "Dr. John Demyter;" Mrs. ELLEN O. FORTER upon "Rev. Jotham Horton;" REV. D. B. RANDALL, D. D., upon "Rev. George Webber;" REV. S. F. UPHAM, D. D., upon "Rev. Frederick Upham;" REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D. D., upon "Dr. Jefferson Hascall;" REV. G. A. CRAWFORD, D. D., upon "Rev. William H. Crawford;" REV. A. L. COOPER, D. D., upon "Bishop Hedding." These articles will be illustrated with a cut of each of these heroes of New England Methodism.

The Epworth League.

REV. E. M. TAYLOR, president of the First General Conference District, and his associates, R. S. DOUGLASS, of Plymouth, REV. I. P. CHASE, of St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt., REV. W. J. YATES, of New London, Conn., JOHN LEGG, of Worcester, REV. FREDERICK N. UPHAM, of Dorchester, and Mrs. ANNIE E. SMILEY, of Ipswich, enable us to keep the interests of the Epworth League prominently and helpfully before the people. First of our Methodist press to recognize the importance of this providential movement, we

(Continued on Page 36.)

Three Premium Tours.

For mutual advantage—to increase our subscription list, and to give to certain of our preachers who would not otherwise secure it, the benefit (physical, mental and social) which comes from travel—we have arranged Three Premium Tours for the three ministers who secure the largest number of new subscribers from Sept. 1, 1894, to Jan. 1, 1895.

I. A first-class cabin passage from Boston to Liverpool, and return, by a Cunard steamer.

II. A trip from Boston over the attractive and reliable Pittsburgh (via Hoosac Tunnel), Delaware, and Erie Railroads to Chicago, and thence over the superb Chicago & North-Western R. R. to Denver and Salt Lake, and return.

III. A trip from Boston over the picturesque Baltimore & Ohio R. R. to New York, Philadelphia, Harper's Ferry, Baltimore, Washington and Mt. Vernon, and return.

Trip No. 1 will be provided for the minister who secures the largest number of new subscribers. Trip No. 2, to the minister who secures the second largest increase. Trip No. 3, to the minister who stands third in the list.

The additions must be bona fide new subscribers and be paid for before the first of April or at the next session of the Conference. Trips may be made at the option of the successful contestants any time between May 1 and September 1, 1895. Trips 2 and 3 include transportation only.

Clarendon St. Baptist Church, his methods and remarkable success; with Rev. C. A. Dickinson, D. D., at Berkeley Temple, and his successful "Institutional Church;" with Rev. Scott F. Hershey, D. D., the aggressive pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; and with Rev. W. W. Ramsey, D. D., in his notable pastorate with Tremont St. Methodist Episcopal Church.

Some Modern Educational Features.

This important topic will be treated by PRESIDENT W. F. WARREN, of Boston University; PRESIDENT B. P. RAYMOND, of Wesleyan University; PRINCIPAL C. C. BRADDOCK, of Lowell Seminary; PRINCIPAL W. R. NEWHALL, of Wesleyan Academy; PRESIDENT C. W. GALLAGHER, of Kent's Hill; PRESIDENT A. F. CHASE, of Bucksport; PRINCIPAL F. D. BLAKESLEE, of East Greenwich; PRESIDENT J. M. DURRELL, of Tilton; and PRINCIPAL E. M. SMITH, of Montpelier.

Holiness.

This fundamental subject is committed for general treatment to such well-known and revered instructors in this special Methodist doctrine as DR. DANIEL STEELE, JAMES MUDGON, and E. S. STACKPOLE.

Special Assignments.

BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD will write upon "Some Unsectarian Thoughts on Sectionalism." BISHOP A. G. HAYGOOD, "The Unsolved Contingent in the Negro Problem."

EDITOR E. E. HOSK, of the *Christian Advocate*, Nashville, "The Work of the Methodist Episcopal Church among the Colored People of the Southern States."

REV. S. A. STEEL, D. D., editor of the *Epworth Era*, "What the Epworth League is Doing for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South."

HENRY WADE ROGERS, president of Northwestern University, "What Shall our Church do to Produce Better Feeling between the Two Methodisms?"

MISSIONARY SECRETARY A. B. LEONARD, two

glimpses of home life in Germany, where she has been studying with her husband.

REV. JOHN GALBRAITH, Ph. D., of this city, three articles upon "Some Necessary Modifications in Methodist Polity"—1. In the Manner of Electing the Local Church Officers; 2. In the Manner of Appointing the Presiding Elders; 3. In the Power of the Bishops.

CHAPLAIN MCCABE and HON. NERAL DOW (fellow-prisoners) will touch upon "Libby Prison Life" and other subjects. These contributions will be illustrated.

REV. HOSEA HEWITT will furnish a series of critical articles upon the "Revelations of the Spade in Bible Lands."

Round Table Conferences.

With a view to grouping the variant opinions of our readers upon important topics, and cultivating more of our excellent "home talent," we launched last year what we were pleased to term a series of "Round Table Conferences." All of them will be published, as promised, before the close of the present year. Nothing that we have given to our readers has proved more acceptable. The following have been arranged for 1895:—

The inquiry: *Is it Possible to Do Business on Absolutely Christian Principles?* will be answered by representative laymen: HON. C. C. CORBIN, of Webster; R. S. DOUGLASS, of Plymouth; A. P. TARKER, of Manchester, N. H.; O. H. DURRELL, C. R. MAGEE, and A. R. WEED, of Boston.

"What should be the Attitude of Methodism towards the Roman Catholic Church?" will be answered by REV. C. F. RICE, D. D., of Cambridge; REV. W. H. THOMAS, D. D., of Lowell; REV. GEORGE SKENE, of Cambridge; REV. W. I. HAVEN, of Brookline; REV. C. E. HARRIS, D. D., of New Bedford; and REV. M. T. WHITAKER, D. D., of Lynn.

"In What Ways can the Church Become More Effective in Temperance Reform?" will be an-

ROUND TABLE CONFERENCES.

VI.

The Religious Press—The Secular Press.
How They May Be Improved.

SITTING around the same table, Editors Clement of the *Boston Transcript*, Ayres of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and O'Meara of the *Boston Journal*, answer the inquiry: "How may the Religious Press be improved?" And then Editor Carroll of the *Independent*, Horr of the *Watchman*, and Clark of the *Golden Rule*, tell "How the Secular Press may be improved."

I.

How May the Religious Press be Improved?

E. H. Clement.

Editor of the *Boston Transcript*.

IT is the habit of human nature to gaze over the garden wall and think how much better it could manage were it on the other side of that barrier. The tragedian thinks he was born to play comedy, and the comedian always aspires to tragedy. "How happens it," sang Horace long ago in Rome, "no man lives contented with what he is at?" "Bachelors' wives and old maids' children," according to the proverb, are ideal products of discipline. So the daily newspaper's idea of the religious weekly is that it enjoys the most enviable lot.

In the first place, it is not in a hurry; it has half a dozen days instead of as many hours in which to make up its mind and put itself in order for its public appearance. It is not bent first and last upon making it pay. The worthy organ of a body of people united in the lofty mission of a cherished faith can be independent, to a large extent, of commercial considerations, for it will be supported whether or no. At all events, the pecuniary purpose is of secondary importance, and the paper can eschew the noisy advertisements that disfigure the dailies and can omit the strenuous beating of its own bass drum to attract attention to its circulation. Free from alliances with politicians and parties, the religious weekly is not obliged to veil the deformities of candidates or strive to make the worse appear the better reason on the eve of elections. Better still, the weekly is not expected to give "all the news," and it can ignore the wearisome detail of social events and the petty doings of nobodies in general, as well as the chronicles of criminality.

Why should we not, therefore, be able to look to the religious press for that earnest, dispassionate and candid treatment of public questions which is demanded for the best interests of the community, but which is sorely lacking in the daily press? Especially since the new tendency of economic thought is to give due play to ethical considerations, will the mission of the religious weekly broaden down into touch with the world of business. How many of the editors of daily newspapers would delight in the opportunities of a rostrum where neither the commercial consideration nor the political responsibility could be thrown up to it to check or turn aside its utterances upon burning questions of the hour!

Then, aside from the didactic functions of the press, there is the large field of dissemination of intelligence. How refreshing it would be to many a daily newspaper editor, who grudges the column on column that must go to the platitudes of the speeches in public meetings and the reports of official boards, the mass of rubbish which Congress collects and throws upon the pulp mills in the form of "pub. docs"—how much of his remaining gray locks would many an editor give to be free of all obligation to grant such matters space and fill it with news of the higher endeavors of men, of the gatherings of great charitable organizations, great mission boards, great scientific or literary symposiums, or even the news from the fields and the skies and the poetry and phenomena of nature; for surely even "talk about the weather" were worth the dreary squabbles of ten thousand boards of aldermen!

Of course, this development of the religious press into an advocate of the higher life and politics, and the chronicle of the higher life in the world, would necessarily be at the expense of some existing features; and delicacy forbids even the friendly critic from the other side of the wall from indicating with greater particularity the patches needing replanting; but are there not "Pages" and "Columns" and "Corners"—now devoted either to diluted theology that simply maddens when it does not muddle the reader, or to petty detail that were better left to the annual reports, or to that maudlin mush supposed to be acceptable to children, but which children intuitively re-

ject—that might be devoted to these new departures?

M. C. Ayres.

Editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

I AM embarrassed at the outset by two things: the difficulty of identification, and the fear of seeming to withhold honor where honor is due. What is "the religious press?" Is it my esteemed contemporary, the *Brimstone Bigot*, or is it my esteemed contemporary, *ZION'S HERALD*? If the former, I shall require to use more than the allotted five hundred words; if the latter, fewer. In the second place, supposing the average religious press to be meant—which is the supposition that I shall venture to make—I can only proceed by humbly attempting to imitate the example given in the Book of Revelation, where in successive instances warm words of praise are followed by the formula: "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee." Only, since the plan of this Round Table Conference does not call for the praise, I beg the gentle reader to consider that as having been cordially bestowed.

The editor of *ZION'S HERALD*, in mildly rebuking me for procrastination, informs me that "the religious press is ahead in the matter of promptness;" that "Drs. Carroll, Horr and Clark have responded." I dare not ask for a preliminary peep at what they have to say about the secular press, but my guess is that, "for substance of doctrine," as the theologians used to say, their view is that the secular press can be improved by following the example of the best specimens of the religious press. No one could reasonably blame them for seeing the matter so. At any rate, I shall follow what I assume to be their example in discoursing from my seat at the table. My general answer to the question assigned me is that the religious press may be improved by a closer conformity in certain respects to the practice of the high-class secular press. And in particular:—

1. By broadening the scope of its news. (a) What readers need is not so much to know the petty facts about a single sect as to know the mighty truth about the progress of the kingdom of God. (b) Too often news regarding onward movements is suppressed through the childish notion that such news is not "safe;" e. g., the Higher Criticism. Imagine a secular paper's refusal to tell what President Eliot has been doing at Harvard because the editor prefers the Yale curriculum!
2. By greater freedom and more charitableness toward differing opinions. (a) Compare the courtesy with which the best daily newspapers of the Republican political faith have treated Secretary Gresham since he entered the cabinet of a Democratic President, with the ferocity shown in many leading religious papers toward Prof. Briggs. (b) How many religious papers that miss no chance to cite Roman Catholic strictures upon the public schools have told their readers that Bishop Foley of Detroit has not only unqualifiedly commended those schools from the pulpit, but advocates woman's suffrage for the avowed reason that woman's ballot is needed to defend the public schools? (c) Secular papers constantly print "letters to the editor" in opposition to the editor's opinions. Not a very great while ago the *Advertiser* printed a letter from a very eminent theological professor, now president of a famous college, which letter, though it dealt with an uppermost denominational topic and bore the writer's signature, the newspaper organ of the denomination chiefly concerned had declined to print. (d) That was sound doctrine uttered by Oliver Cromwell when he cried out to the Westminster Assembly of divines engaged in framing the celebrated Confession: "Brethren, I beseech you, in the bowels of the Lord, believe it possible that you may be mistaken!"
3. By dealing less with the dead past and more with the living present.
4. By improving the literary quality of the editorial page, making that page more readable as well as better worth reading. The distinguished author and critic, Charles Dudley Warner, in his lecture on "Journalism" at the Old South Meeting-house last year, though he found fault sharply with some features of the modern newspaper, said that in one respect there had been within recent years an immense improvement; namely, in the character and quality of editorial writing. He added, in substance, that today, in the best newspaper offices, that writing is done by men of such education and ability that formerly literary work of a similar grade published in book form made the reputations of authors.
5. By paying heed, in the course of those

allusions to and discussions of "the secular press," which occur so frequently in the religious press, (a) to the Golden Rule, (b) to the Ninth Commandment.

Stephen O'Meara.

Editor of the *Boston Journal*.

I SHALL confine myself to a consideration of methods of improvements on the secular side of the religious newspaper. Assuming that the editor and the readers of *ZION'S HERALD* desire information rather than theories, the scope of what I shall undertake to say will be limited to matters concerning which my experience in daily journalism gives me some right to speak.

The religious newspapers of New England and of all the populous national centres are well printed on good paper, but nearly all show deficiencies in "make up" of which a weekly newspaper, above all others, should not be guilty. "Make up" is to a newspaper what the classification, arrangement and display of goods is to a shop. Give two dealers in dry goods, or furs, or groceries, precisely similar merchandise to be sold at the same prices in shops side by side, and if one dealer throws his goods at the people, without order or taste, and the other arranges them logically, attractively, artistically—in a word, understands "make up"—he will draw twice as much trade as his neighbor.

"Make up" is not confined to the arrangement of the whole body of matter in use in any one issue; it applies as well to separate articles or departments. The headings should be symmetrical and expressive, their first mission to attract the reader's eye, their second to give him a hint of the character of the article sufficient to assist him in deciding whether or not he wishes to read it further. Except in the case of strictly routine departments, no heading should be repeated from one issue to another. Such a department heading as "Notes of the Week," does very well; but when the reader finds, week after week, at the top of three or four columns of matter, the single word "Sermon," he receives the least possible encouragement to go forward. Would there be anything profane in giving the sermon a neat display heading, embodying the name of the preacher, the topic discussed, and, as far as practicable, a summary of the opinions expressed? Would fewer people read it if the text were set in type of a different font from that used in the body of the report, if the paragraphs were neither too long nor too short, and if in every column there were cross-headings embodying further suggestions as to the preacher's opinions and methods? Sermons printed in full in religious newspapers always look to me as if they were set directly from the preacher's manuscript. As a newspaper man I have handled hundreds of ministerial manuscripts, and I never yet have seen one which in a newspaper sense was in proper condition to go directly to the printer and into the paper.

Already I have used nearly all the space allowed me, and as I wish to keep within the limit, I will add only this suggestion, that as the strongest point with every newspaper is to develop the field which is especially its own, a religious newspaper should give particular attention to the news of its own denomination in its own territory. In secular news it is in hopeless competition with the daily newspapers; in general theological discussions it can be but a poor second to the magazines and the libraries. Its aim, therefore, should be to convince its present and possible readers that they are obtaining through its columns not only opinions and articles of religious and intellectual value, but information of interest to them which can reach them through no other channels.

Perhaps I have taken too commonplace a view of the topic under discussion; possibly I have wasted an opportunity to teach great truths to the religious press; but I feel at least safe in remaining on the ground with which I am familiar, and if I have neglected chances offered on the broader field, I also have escaped its perils.

II.

How May the Secular Press be Improved?

H. K. Carroll, LL. D.

Associate Editor of the *Independent*.

THE secular press would be vastly improved if the moral tone of its news columns were not so much lower than the moral tone of its editorial columns. The secular press, taken as a whole, is a splendid moral censor. No religious newspaper has dealt staidly, stronger and more telling blows at the sins of Congressman Breckinridge than those which our great dailies have not ceased to rain upon the head and

shoulders of that gifted orator and popular politician. These same organs of public opinion, as we like to call them, thundered against the abominable lottery business so magnificently and effectively that Congress was fairly driven to suppress it. Party exigency sometimes leads them to excuse and condone party acts worthy of condemnation; but how their moral sense can triumph over party feeling when the issue of corrupt men and corrupt measures is presented, the history of the campaign of November, 1892, in New York and New Jersey, sets forth in vivid lines across our political sky. Whatever sins may be laid at the door of our secular press, it is one of its transcendent virtues that it preaches morality in public and business and private life. It is a constant and effective teacher of righteousness.

But—and a world of meaning may turn on a "but"—the secular press brings bad company into our homes. It describes with a fullness of detail which is photographic things which we would not choose to read ourselves and which we do not want our wives and children to read. With much that is clean and good and wholesome, it dumps upon our breakfast table poisonous and impure articles, unfit for a daily diet. One cannot well ignore a guest at the breakfast table, however unwelcome he may be. We would choose not to be seated among gamblers, and criminals, and Cyprians; but in this case we must either make the best of their company or go without our meal. I gladly pass over the full page of horse races and other events associated with gambling and other immorality, but I may not be sure that my boy will not be attracted by it. And the very fact that the tone of the editorial department is so high and excellent is likely to lead him to believe that everything he finds on the bill of fare has a guaranty of wholesomeness.

The sum of it all is, I like the secular press as a teacher, but not altogether as a purveyor. If I believe cigarettes to be ruinous, I will not sell them, even if thousands want to buy. If I believe gambling to be illegal and immoral, I will not countenance it in any way. Our dailies are moral censors. I want them to extend their censorship over their own news columns, and drop the idea of Zola that whatever exists or happens it is proper to describe. The best type of helpful citizenship is not the saloon-keeper, but the conscientious butcher and grocer and dry goods merchant. The secular newspaper cannot properly unite in itself the ends of a police gazette and the functions of a great moral teacher.

Rev. George E. Horr, Jr., D. D.

Editor of the *Watchman*.

BETTER information or more honesty in editorial discussion. I will refer to an instance at hand. In the *Boston Globe* of this morning (July 12) the leading editorial, covering a column, is an argument to show that the Pullman Company has not dealt fairly with its employees in not submitting the question at issue to arbitration. Throughout the article there is not a hint that the Pullman Company originally offered to submit its books to its employees for inspection, in order to justify its claim that, with the wages demanded, they were manufacturing at a loss. In refusing to look into or consider what the Company could afford to pay, the workmen practically refused to arbitrate the whole matter that was at issue. In ignoring this fact, the *Globe* shows that it treats a great public question without adequate information, or is intentionally dishonest. It would not be difficult, from almost any number of certain papers, to select similar instances.

2. Scandalous matter should be edited in the interests of propriety and decency. One hundred members of the British House of Commons have recently addressed to the daily press of Great Britain a memorial in regard to the reporting of "sensational" cases. These gentlemen have been moved to make their protest by the long and detailed reports, given by a section of the press, of "cases involving immorality or brutality, and particularly evidence appealing to man's sensual nature." They rightly remark that these "cannot fail to exercise a demoralizing effect upon a vast mass of young women and young men, ever craving for excitement and the gratification of a mental appetite too often of an unhealthy kind." They appeal, therefore, to the conductors of newspapers to exercise a more severe discretion, and to reduce the reports in question to what is strictly necessary. Admitting that publicity is in itself a strong deterrent, they ask that it shall be confined to the statement of leading facts; they request that only necessary details shall be

given, and that suggestive headlines and placards shall be avoided. The occasion is ripe for a similar movement in the United States.

3. Outside of strict party lines in politics, the secular press does not, as a rule, stand for anything distinctive in morals, economics, or religion; and in politics for a paper to call itself "independent" is commonly only a mask for serving more effectively the cause of one party. In other matters, as a rule, the secular press follows instead of leads. It disparages a man like Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, until he makes out his case and has public sentiment with him, and then it cries, "We always told you so!" The influence of the press in reform, as illustrated by the campaign of the New York Times against the Tweed rule, and of the same journal in some other matters, is so often quoted to show the attitude of the press toward popular reform, that one suspects that there are not many such journals or such cases to refer to. One scans in vain the average newspaper for zealous, outspoken defence of moral and religious principles which are dear to ordinarily decent people. The evidence that they are published "for revenue only" is too palpable.

Not many months ago the Boston Herald defended its course in reporting prize-fights at length, by saying that a paper with a large circulation cannot avoid printing these reports because "it is a matter of careful observation that when a paper contains a report of a prize-fight, it is the first thing that passengers of all classes read as they come to town to their business in the morning. The newspaper," says the editor of the Boston Herald, "in treating of this topic starts with this as a fact. Why does it exist? It exists because of an element inherent in human nature." This defence assumes that a largely circulated newspaper is justified in publishing anything that meets the requirements of an "element of human nature," whether that "element" is bad or good; that a newspaper, because it has a large circulation and desires to retain it and increase it, is justified in pandering to the worst elements of human nature, and in intermingling with much that is elevated and refining much that is brutalizing and degrading—the good serving as a vehicle for the bad into our homes. "The sales of my paper will be increased," says the editor, "if I appeal to the worst elements of human nature. Therefore I am under an obligation to do it, and I am justified in doing it." When some one said to Carlyle that he must steal in order to live, Carlyle replied that he did not see the necessity of the man's living.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.
Editor of the Golden Rule.

"I SHOULD think you would be afraid to ride on those dreadful railways of yours," said an English friend to me as I was about to leave his "right little, tight little island," a year ago.

"And why should I be afraid?" I responded with some warmth. "I have traveled tens of thousands of miles on those same railroads and never received so much as a scratch."

"Can that be possible?" he replied, in amazement. "Why, I judged from your American papers that a journey was scarcely ever completed without a smashup or a robbery or at least a minor accident of some kind."

I assured my friend, with unnecessary patriotic zeal perhaps, that he was entirely mistaken, that he had been deceived by the glaring scare-heads of sensational papers to which he had had access, and that life insurance companies demanded no extra premiums from those who patronized American railways.

Unfortunately for my reputation as an unprejudiced truth-teller, and unfortunately too, perhaps, for the point which I wish to make in this "Round Table Conference," my friend himself came to America later in the year, made a journey himself upon one of these dreaded American railway trains, which, sad to relate, was held up by a gang of masked highwaymen. He was kept, trembling in his berth, for more than an hour, while the robbers at their leisure plundered the express car before they graciously permitted the train to go on its way. It will be difficult to persuade that English friend that even our most sensational dailies overestimate the dangers of American railway travel.

But in spite of such occasional, nay, frequent, corroborations of the truth of these sensational, hair-raising announcements, it seems to me that, apart from the demoralizing effect of Sunday editions, this extreme and, I fear, growing sensationalism is the

great fault of American journalism. American papers are bright, fresh, racy, readable. In many respects they lead the newspapers of the world. They are not, as a rule, I believe, unkind or inconsiderate of private feelings or public morals. They give more generous attention to moral and religious questions, especially to the reports of important religious conventions, than any other papers of which I know. In this respect they contrast most favorably with the great English and Australian dailies. But in the matter of gross sensationalism our newspapers also, undeniably and unenviably, lead the world.

For instance, a recent typical journal which I take from the table devotes a quarter of a column of alarming type to a divorce scandal, followed by a whole column of finer descriptive type; another quarter of a column of display type to a local church quarrel; a half-column to a railway accident; a whole column (double-leaded) to a murder in the Italian quarter; nearly as much more to a suicide, and several "stickfuls" to a "headless corpse" found in the woods by some children. The discovery was dreadful enough for the children who originally made it, doubtless, but it was quite needless to drag ten thousand other children into the woods also to make the same gruesome discovery under the guidance of the "vivid" and "graphic" reporter.

Such magnifying of the little, the ghastly, the odd, the criminal, gives to the whole community a distorted view of truth, besides doing positive injury to public morals in many ways. The sense of the relative value of news is obscured. The comparative importance of great events is forgotten. The death of Sadi-Carnot, the change of British policy in Africa, an establishment of a republic in Hawaii, from the space and attention devoted to them, would hardly seem of so much importance as a stabbing affray at the North End, or the "Caging of the Orioles" by the "Champions" on the base-ball grounds.

There are, to be sure, many honorable exceptions to the rule of sensationalism; but, speaking in a general way, to eliminate much of the trivial, the gruesome and the morbid, to belittle the unimportant; to magnify the great events of the day—in fact, to tell us the news in its true relative importance, it seems to me, would be to greatly improve our secular journals as a class.

"A SERMON ON THE MOUNT."

A Labor Story.

Alice M. House.

JOHN STANAGE, the junior partner of the firm of Stanage & Stanage, was the new patient in the wing at Christ Hospital.

Everything gave the room an air of spotless freshness, from the pale yellow walls to the shining yellow brass of the single bed; but its appointments were far too homelike to suggest a hospital ward.

A little table by the head of the bed held a Testament and a rose-bowl filled with a mass of fragrant, pink blossoms. Sister Dorothy, a pretty deaconess with a Madonna type of face, in a fresh blue frock, was sitting by the window, making bandages. From the window she could look down on the great, smoke-shrouded city stretching away from the foot of the breezy hilltop on which the hospital stood. If the smoke would lift, she could get a bird's-eye view of the parish of the Foundry Church, where she had been visiting, for she was only a substitute in the hospital.

Finally her patient opened his eyes and asked: "Where am I?" vaguely trying to recall what had happened the night before.

"In Christ Hospital," Sister Dorothy replied. "Your train struck a split switch that derailed your car, and the doctor says you were probably stunned at the very start and will have to take all your knowledge of the accident second-hand. Rev. Morris Wayland, the minister of the old Foundry Church, was the chance Samaritan who had compassion on you when he saw your wounds," and telephoned to the hospital for an ambulance."

"Then this must be a Methodist charity," said Mr. Stanage. "How were the buildings erected?"

"With money left by a business man who fancied a hospital would make a better monument than a granite shaft."

"I suppose the patients," said Mr. Stanage, "keep his memory in grateful remembrance."

"And they send in tokens of their gratitude in every guise," said Sister Dorothy, "after they leave the wards. Those flowers by your bed came from a little patient

whose parents believe the day of miracles has not gone."

"You know something about the fragrance of incense," said Mr. Stanage, inhaling the odor of the flowers. "Thank you," he said, as Sister Dorothy helped him adjust his pillows.

"I suppose you are a Protestant Sister of Charity," he said, tentatively, after a little silence, in which Sister Dorothy had gone on winding strips of muslin.

"A deaconess," Sister Dorothy replied; "or, if you prefer the English name, a 'Sister of the People.' Why?"

"Because then you will feel obliged to diagnose my case spiritually as well as physically."

"And send you to a Home for Incurables if I pronounce your case hopeless?" she asked, looking up with a smile.

"Oh, of course not without some effort to convert me first," he replied. "I was under conviction before I joined the Church of Heavenly Rest. Up to that time I thought certain duties devolved on a church member as his brother's keeper, but I soon found one could discharge any fancied obligations by heading a charity subscription list. And when I found church membership valued chiefly for the social preferment it conferred, I became more of a pagan than ever."

Sister Dorothy laughed, and then said gravely: "I have heard Mr. Wayland inveigh against the Church of Heavenly Rest, for he says it fosters the skepticism he finds among the workmen he tries to reach. I really believe," she said, gathering up her rolls of bandages, "that he considers the apathy the average church member shows about any duty he owes his brother, the arch-heresy of the age."

It was a fortnight since John Stanage had been registered as a patient in Christ Hospital. In that time the hospital had been a perpetual rebuke to his skepticism; for did not the blind see? were not the sick healed? and did not the poor have the Gospel preached to them? In the little hospital world into which he had been so unceremoniously introduced, the theory of religion was not divorced from its practice. The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was literally obeyed. No patient was ever excluded on the ground of his "creed, color or country."

"For man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Sister Dorothy was a final argument from which his skepticism could find no appeal, for she was a bit of Christianity incarnate.

Dorothy Donaldson, or "Sister Dorothy," as she was called almost from the first, had answered a Macedonian call for deaconesses that brought her to the Home in connection with Christ Hospital in the spring. Duty had come to her before only in the guise of homely tasks that are not homely when they are consecrated by love, till her father's death had severed her last near home tie. In her new life she found that the ties of sympathy and helpfulness that hold us together in the one great family in which we all say "Our Father," are always binding; and her life, instead of stretching out in a perspective of lonely repression, had still found an outlet. When Rev. Morris Wayland applied for a deaconess Sister Dorothy went not as a "friendly visitor" to the poor, but as a "sister of the people." When she was called in to take the place of a nurse-deaconess who was taking care of one of her little *protégés* in the tenements who was very ill, Mr. Stanage saw that her life was a practical aspiration to make other people's lives brighter and better. He saw that his own had been introspective and self-centered.

The Stanage firm had stood as a soulless corporation. Their work-shops had crowded in almost under the steeple of the old Foundry Church, and Rev. Morris Wayland preached on Sunday to many of the men they employed; but the fact that the conditions of their lives were hard had made stony ground of much of the soil in which he tried to sow the seed of the kingdom.

Gradually John Stanage began to wonder, if his conversion was genuine, if his whole business would not have to be regenerated. He turned a merciless search-light on his financial affairs and saw that his charity subscriptions had been made up of the profits of unjust wages. As his convictions were taking shape he met Herman Spiller, one day, going into the hospital. Spiller was a man he had dismissed from his employ because he had asked for some innovations in the business that he saw now were only in line of the Golden Rule.

The next day he was lying in a steamer chair under the trees in front of the hos-

pital when Mr. Wayland came up the road-way.

"You seem to have the monopoly of the breeze up here," Wayland said, forgetting his errand when he saw Stanage, and seating himself on an empty camp-chair.

"Then the men must find the factory a fiery furnace this morning," Stanage said, looking off toward the city.

"I met one of your men up here yesterday," Wayland said, with a little hesitation, "who seemed to view it as a Garden of Eden he'd been driven out of."

"I don't think it was so much being evicted from Eden," Stanage said, evasively, "as finding no chance to work off the curse that condemns us all to toil by the sweat of our brows."

"He asked me," Wayland continued, "if my millennium wasn't a long way off when a man asks for the right to earn his bread and gets a stone; but I think his faith had been shaken a little by the thought of his wife going back from the hospital to try and eke out their living at her washtubs, when she ought to be breathing fresh air instead of soapuds. I don't mean he's an atheist yet, for he has learned more in his visits up here than he ever got out of any of my sermons."

"I am afraid, Morris, I have been standing in the way of your prayer, 'Thy kingdom come,' being answered for your parish; but, God helping me, I want to show you that I've found this hilltop hospital of yours a 'Sermon on the Mount.' I mean to reinstate Spiller, though it means a concession to all his profit-sharing schemes that we've been fighting off. The doctor has checked my usual move out to Mt. Airy, and I leave here in a few days for the seashore. Don't you think Mrs. Spiller could convalesce better if she took the children out to the old farm? If you could spare Sister Dorothy to act as a house-mother, perhaps you know the families of other men in the factory who would like a fortnight in the country."

"God bless you, Stanage!" Wayland said, extending his hand. "I see you don't intend to leave any doubt in our minds about the genuineness of your conversion."

Then he looked up and saw that Sister Dorothy had appeared in the frame of the hospital doorway, the sun catching the gold of her hair and turning it into a halo, and remembered his errand.

Mt. Airy proved to be a charming old house with trumpet-vines clambering over its porches and hardy sweet williams and German asters blooming in profusion in its gardens; and not only the Spiller family, but detachments of Mrs. Spiller's neighbors, shared during the summer the shelter of its hospitable roof. It was the first time for many years that there had been a summer exodus from the pews of the old Foundry Church.

One day before the wane of summer, John Stanage appeared at the farm-house with Mr. Wayland, and when the two men were sitting alone on the moonlit veranda that evening, where Sister Dorothy in the afternoon had been making poppy dolls for the Spiller children, Stanage said,—

"My brother says, Morris, that Spiller came back as a Godsend to the business. He was sure he saw a strike brewing when I was laid up at the hospital, but after Spiller's return it blew over unaccountably."

"You see Spiller has changed his mind about the millennium," Wayland replied, "and looks as if he thought the New Jerusalem was descending out of heaven and would soon fill all the earth."

Then he added: "Jeremy Taylor says, John, that when God wants to save a man He does it by way of a man. In your case I think it has been a woman."

And Stanage answered: "I think she was the 'lastly' of the 'Sermon on the Mount.'"

Cincinnati, O.

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MEN WHOM I HAVE HEARD

In Congress, On the Platform, In the Pulpit.

Rev. Mark Trafton, D. D.

ONE can hardly fancy the striking contrast between the dull, heavy, protracted reading of sermons by the old-time standing order, and the free, off-hand, stirring delivery of the early itinerants. It was my painful lot, from the time I was old enough to trudge to church, carrying my mother's foot-stove with a brazier of live coals, until my eighteenth year, with a single exception, to endure the former style of preaching. I knew nothing of Methodism or of other denominations, save that mother used to tell us children of a large man who came to her father's log-house in the Kenduskeag Plantation (now Bangor, Me.), who called himself a Methodist preacher and preached to the sixteen or eighteen families gathered there. And the little stand by which he stood then, and the old family Bible which lay upon it, are near me now as I write. But for all we knew, when he left, Methodism left the world with him, as it certainly left Bangor for many a year.

I referred above to a single exception. It was in this wise: My parents had moved out from Bangor to Corinth—sixteen miles. One day in summer there came riding up to the door a man on horseback with a pair of saddle-bags thrown across the saddle. It was Peter Burgess, a Methodist preacher. My parents, it appeared, knew him when an apprentice to Zadock Davis, a tanner, a descendant of Peter's host in Joppa. He expressed a wish to preach in our school-house. I was put on his nag, and rode to every house in the settlement, about one mile in extent, giving notice of a lecture in the school-house at 6 P. M. Then I procured the key and opened the house. All the people in the settlement came out and listened to Peter while he expounded and elaborated the text, "But Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." And that was the only religious service held in that part of the town for the three years of our residence there. Nine years after, I, in company with a local preacher of Bangor, "held forth" in the same old school-house.

I did not hear another Methodist preacher until in my eighteenth year. But what an indescribable change it was from the prosy reading of those old formalists to the heart-moving sermons of the Methodist itinerants! But I am not writing history.

It will doubtless startle the reader of this sketch when I say that the most eloquent and effective preacher I have had the good fortune to hear was a local preacher from England,

Thomas Greenhalgh.

He came to Bangor some time in the thirties (I am not sure of the date, but it was subsequent to my union with the Conference in 1831). I heard him in a school-house. I cannot locate the spot, but I vividly recall the sermon. His text was, "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good work." I was at first a little amused by his pronouncing that word, "peculiar," as "pecurial;" but all this soon passed away as he entered into that mysterious subject, "Redemption." So original in turn of thought, so clear in conception, so sublime in imagery, so forcible in expression and ready of utterance was he, that the entire audience was moved to tears and shouts. I am not ashamed to confess that never, before or since, have I been so shaken up. If an orator is one who "sways an audience at his will," then this man was an orator. The late Dr. Trafton once said: "I have never heard from human lips such lofty thought, such sublime conceptions of religious truth, as from Greenhalgh."

Yet this man was unlearned, having never so much as a primary training. In relating his life history he said that when he was converted and joined the Wesleyans, at twenty-one, he did not know a letter of the alphabet. He was asked to take a class in the Sunday-school, but declined because he could not read. The preacher said: "I will give you a class of little boys who cannot read; you can teach them religion at least." He took it. Sunday came, and his little pupils were seated around him. Each one had a primer with the alphabet. An inspiration came upon him, and he said to himself, "Perhaps they can teach the teacher." Holding the book in his hand, his eyes bent upon the column of cabalistic characters, he asked the little fellow at the head, "Billy, what is that first letter?" "Dunno," said he. Addressing a larger boy, he said, "Now, Willie, tell Billy the name of that letter if

you can." "A, sir." "Now, Billy, say that." "A," said Billy. "Now look at it sharp, so you will know it when you see it. Now what is it?" "A, sir." "A," said the teacher, looking at it closely. In this manner he learned the letters.

For many years this brother was an efficient member of the Maine Conference. He is dead, as are all save four of the one hundred who were members when I joined it in 1831. Of these four all are in or above the eighties.

Bishop Soule.

The first live Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church I ever saw or heard was Bishop Soule. The Maine Conference held its session of 1831 in Hallowell in June. I was then to be received if I got enough votes. We young men stood outside the church waiting the coming of the great man. "There he comes," some one said. All eyes were turned up the street where a trio were seen approaching, the central figure towering a full head over the flanking parties—Rev. W. H. Norris, the preacher in charge of the church in Hallowell, and Rev. J. B. Husted. To walk with a Bishop front dress, instead of falling in behind him—what temerity! Tall, straight as the pines among which he was born, head thrown well back, one arm swinging, the other pressing to his side the portfolio in which were the names of one hundred men whose fate for a year he was to decide. I noticed a peculiarity in his gait—he lifted his foot high and brought it down with a half stamp upon the sidewalk.

Sunday morning the Bishop preached to a great crowd. I have no recollection, after sixty-one years, of text or subject, though I presume he had both. The one thing which fixed itself indelibly upon my brain was his frequent utterance of the word "sir." He was emphatically a controversialist and he fancied his antagonist standing before him, to whom he put his questions, as "Sir, can you deny this?" His manner and bearing looked like pomposity, yet it was to him so natural as to be inoffensive. His first circuit, in 1798, when he was eighteen years of age, was the same to which he sent me in my first year—Rumford and Bethel. But while my field was but sixty miles in length, his extended from Portland to the White Hills of New Hampshire. I found many old people there that remembered the "boy preacher who wept and wiped his tears on his sleeve!" But to me he was pompous, and his style too ornate and florid for ordinary hearers. He had a laughable habit of using for the most trivial matters the highest Johnsonian terms. For instance, introducing a discourse thus: "There is a great amount of dubiosity and tenebrosity in this text." I have heard the old preachers relate a circumstance illustrative of this habit. A number of preachers were together, among them the Bishop. One of them complained of a personal affliction in the form of a nervous headache. One brother recommended as a remedy the free use of catnip tea, while another said tansy was better. An appeal was made to the Bishop, who said, "I have traveled much East and West. I have read many medical authors and mingled largely in society, and I have come to the grand conclusion that catnip is better than tansy for a headache!" But he was a grand preacher and a genius with all the faults and startling contradictions of men of that class.

My last view of Bishop Soule was in 1848, at the General Conference in Pittsburg, when he sat in the gallery with Dr. Lovick Pierce of the seceding Church South, looking down upon his former associates. They were invited to sit with us, but declined.

Lyman Beecher, D. D.

Few are still living who heard this celebrated divine in the prime of his power. He was the father of the Beecher family, and for years at the head of the Boston clergymen. He had a stout, robust form, a large, well-set head, a countenance expressive of fearlessness and force. He was a born leader of men. A Calvinist of the sternest kind, he could penetrate divine secrets, and could see, as clearly as the next one, the propriety of sending people to endless perdition for no fault of their own, but simply because God willed it. His illustrious son, Henry Ward, had none of the roughness of the father, but took on the mental characteristics of his mother, in harmony with the laws of primogeniture.

Dr. Beecher took high ground on the temperance question, to which the people were just turning their attention, but he had little interest in the antislavery movement. When Garrison came out from his fifty days' imprisonment in a Baltimore jail, he said, "I will go to my old pastor of Park Street,

Boston; he will sympathize with me in this work." But when he opened the subject of the condition of four millions of human beings reduced to the condition of chattelship in free America, the old Doctor replied, "O brother, I have too many irons in the fire already"—that was all. Is it a marvel that Garrison lost faith in such ministers? But let us hope that the thundering philippics of Henry Ward and the tale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Harriet, will, in the great assize, be received as an offset against the old Puritan's defects.

But I was about to speak of the first time I heard this old-time hero. It is possible that many of the rear of this moving column of humanity are unaware of the fact that Tremont Temple was originally erected for and used as a theatre. There was a small play-house called the "Warren" in the city, when a company was formed to build a more pretentious and attractive building, and a site was selected on Tremont St. I have not the date of its erection, but it was not a success, and it was offered for sale in 1842 or '43, and purchased by an association of Baptists for a free church. It was resolved to hold a religious service there before any changes were made, and Dr. Lyman Beecher, late pastor of Park St. Church, was invited to deliver the sermon. Whether or not it was on the Sabbath, after the afternoon service, I cannot say, but there were many clergymen present, and an audience that filled the room "from pit to the third tier." I had a seat on the stage—my first and last view of the interior of a theatre. There were all the paraphernalia, the gilt and tinsel, just as when the fine curtain fell at the conclusion of the last play. Some of the ministers performed the opening exercises, a hymn was heartily sung by hundreds of cheerful voices—the first religious song that had ever rolled up through those vaulted arches—and then Dr. Beecher stepped to the front of the stage. He was then what we call an old man, hard upon, if not quite, threescore and ten, but still retaining his vigor and fire; a man not over five feet nine or ten inches in height, stout, with square shoulders and a fine head, too narrow in front for a poet, but bulging out behind his ears, exhibiting combative-ness, and rising high behind whose firmness sat enthroned. He had no notes to bother him, but standing by the table placed upon the stage, he announced his text: "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." In such a place and with such surroundings, that text was a sermon in itself. I have no recollection of the plan of his discourse, if it had a plan; but I shall never forget the sensation produced when, bringing his foot down upon the stage, he burst out, "I told you when this theatre was erected that Boston would never sustain a theatre!" I am told that today Boston has more theatres in proportion to the population than any other city in the United States. But in Beecher's day Boston was a Puritan city.

Yes, I heard

Boscom.

I had so often heard of him and read of him that my expectation of a rare treat rose to a high point when, being in New York, I heard that he was to preach. I was there on time. A large audience was gathered. After the preliminary exercises, a thick-set, heavy-looking man came majestically forward, unrolled a thick manuscript and laid it on the desk, and, stooping over it, read in an indifferent manner for forty-five minutes.

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He seldom raised his eyes from the (to him) fascinating paper, but now and then shook his hand over his head. My mental comment at the time was, "Fiddlesticks!"

John McClintock.

The first time I heard this real orator was in the city of Paris, in the summer of 1850. I had reached the city from London on Saturday, and Sunday morning inquired for "Cook's Methodist Chapel." "29 Rue Royale," said the directory. I was early, and inquired of the janitor who was to preach that morning. "An American," he said; "he is now in the anteroom." I threw aside the portiere, and there sat McClintock. We were mutually surprised, and a warm greeting followed. Clear-headed, concise in statement, rich in thought, happy in illustration, and all warmed up by a real Irish fervor, McClintock was a pulpit orator of the first class. Thursday evening I preached for the pastor—but "Oh, what a fall was there!"

Mac (so we usually called him) was in

Your
Weight?

If your condition is normal, this should be your relative height and weight.

5 feet, 0 inches, 115 pounds.	
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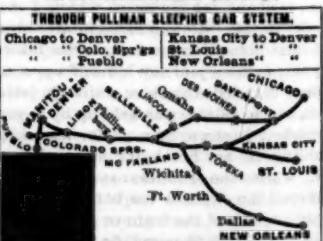
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Chicago, May, 1894.

haste to reach London to visit the Wesleyan Conference then in session. "You will not enjoy it," I said. "It is doubtful if you are admitted at all. I was two days gaining admittance, and then did not look in upon them again."

Well, he went, and Alfred Cookman, who came home in the same steamer with me, described Mac's reception. As soon as he was settled in his hotel, he started for City Road. The man with the pole on his shoulder barred his entrance, and sent him into a side room where sat the "Conference committee." He announced himself, but the committee said: "We have some delicate matters before the Conference and we do not like to admit strangers." He returned to his lodgings, not much elated. The same cool reception on the next day, and also on the third day; and then came the outburst of an Irish volcano: "No, gentlemen, I shall not knock at your door again. I am John McClinton, of the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. I am the editor of our magazine, and am known through all our extended work. Three times I come to your door and am turned away. I will not come again. I will go home and publish to the world your narrow, selfish bigotry." And he left without a "good-bye." But those dignified exclusionists soon came to see that, classically speaking, "they had put their foot in it." It would not do for them to allow a public statement to be made of this matter. So a committee of three—Arthur and two other prominent men—was sent to Mac, but they met a reception quite as frigid as had been his at their door. They shed tears over him; he had no tears for them. But at last his Christian principle overbore his Irish indignation, and he consented to visit the dignified body on condition of permission to make a speech. "Were you in the house when Mac was introduced?" "Yes, and heard his speech." "Well," said I to Cookman, "I presume he gave them a smart lashing for their exclusiveness." "Not a word!"

I have heard

Five Distinguished English Preachers.

One was Dr. Dixon, the father of the wife of Richard Watson; a slight but energetic man, a delegate to the General Conference of 1848 in Pittsburg. He preached to the colored people in Pittsburg, and so excited were the hearers that some of them leaped from their seats two or three feet into the air.

In London I heard Mr. Melville, then considered the most eloquent Church minister in London. He was advertised for the annual "golden lecture" on Thursday afternoon. This lecture was so called because the preacher chosen to deliver it received one guinea for the service, from a fund created by some wealthy citizen many years since, providing for a discourse on some "Christian doctrine or practice" to the end of time. A fair audience was gathered. The text was, "If any man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." He was a splendid specimen of a man, and a good reader; how he would pass as a preacher I could not judge.

I also heard Rev. Thomas Binney, of the Weigh-House Chapel, London Bridge. He was of a different type, a great revivalist, and without notes gave a powerful sermon.

I heard Rev. Robert Newton in Boston, Marlboro Chapel—an earnest, plain, impressive sermon.

"Did you ever hear Punshon?" I was asked. Yes, I heard him lecture, not preach. We had invited him to give a lecture in a course in Providence, and he consented to do so for two hundred dollars in gold. Well, I sat and heard the lecture. I think it was on "St. Bartholomew," and he wound up by reciting Macaulay's "Ballad of the Battle of Ivry," based upon the address of Henry IV. to his soldiers before the battle. "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume."

"And if my standard-bearer fall—as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where you see my white plume shine
amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre."

Well, he rolled it out most gloriously, as any school-boy can; but I was disappointed in the measure of the man! (These two lines are not a part of the ballad, mark!)

But I must pass over a number of great preachers whom I have heard—Emory; Simpson, with his pathetic countenance and tones in the key minor; Olin, the majestic; Beecher, the fearless; and many

others, and close this gallery of portraits by hanging one other—

J. P. Durbin.

The New England Conference held its annual session of 1890 in the Russell Street Church, Boston, of which I was pastor. I had had the Conference to provide for the previous year in Springfield, and now had the task imposed again. The preachers met to arrange the Sabbath services. Bishop Morris would, of course, take the morning service—but who shall fill the afternoon? We conned the list of expected visitors, and finally decided to select Dr. Durbin, who was then, I think, missionary secretary. None of us had heard him, and I had never met him.

Well, the Sabbath came, and the little man entered the pulpit. There was nothing specially attractive in his personal appearance; like Paul "it was weak." When he rose to deliver his sermon, he seemed at a loss how to begin. He would utter a few words and then pause as if to collect scattered thought, and then with eyes half closed say something which seemed to strike the hearers. My hopes died out. I said to myself, "What will the people think?" The reputation of the church seemed at stake! It will be a failure! So on he stumbled. He seemed to be feeling after some threads he had dropped. Yet when he spoke he said something which fixed the attention of the large audience, and they appeared to be interested in these fragments. From my seat I could see his face and at the same time view the hearers. So on he struggled for half an hour. I grew sick. "Failure, failure," I said to myself. But now he straightened himself up, threw his head back, and began to open his eyes wider and wider until the whole whites could be seen. Looking straight at his hearers, from his lips poured an unchecked stream of "thoughts and words that burn;" a stream of choicest language, the finest turned sentences, the loftiest conceptions, most apt Scriptural quotations, the most poetic ideas. It was a torrent of the highest oratorical delivery. It was the roar and thunder of a hundred guns after the popping of the rifles of a few skirmishers. The audience leaned forward entranced. Oh, I wanted to clap my hands and yell! And this continued for some half-hour or less, when he closed. I never, before or since, was so surprised. Then there seemed to come over the congregation a wave of influenza, and pocket handkerchiefs were at a premium. This was J. P. Durbin!

West Somerville, Mass.

The Poet of the Isles of Shoals.

CELIA THAXTER, a woman of literary tastes, and the poet of the Shoals, whose songs have long been heard with delight along the New England coast, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1836, and died at the Isles of Shoals, Aug. 26, 1894. Mrs. Thaxter was the daughter of Hon. Thomas B. Loughton, widely known for many years as the capable and eccentric landlord of the Appledore House. Many traditions of his eccentricities remain among the people who knew him. One of his curious whims was that the authorities in Portsmouth laid too heavy a tax on his property in the city; and, to revenge them, he determined to leave the place and make his abode on a speck of rock in the harbor or vicinity, called Appledore Island. He vowed never to return again, and kept his vow sacred to the last, never leaving his rocky home save to pass occasionally to Star Island or some other isle of the little group. On Appledore he built a shanty which was afterwards enlarged, and grew finally into the proportions of a hotel, where select circles of summer boarders were entertained. There were physical as well as moral reasons for the permanent observance of his vow, as seen in the fact that he became very corpulent and found it extremely difficult to get about. But though unable to travel, he exercised sovereignty over his little domain, and, seated upon the piazza in front of his dwelling, he used his stentorian voice in ordering from the island persons who came unbidden.

In this rude cottage Celia was born and spent her youth. There was an early trace of romance which gave color and direction to her entire life. When she was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, Levi Thaxter, a young lawyer of Watertown, in quest of health, came to spend the summer months on the island. Intellectual, imaginative, and romantic, he at once conceived a great liking for the fresh-hearted and attractive girl. As weeks passed on and they had fuller opportunity for acquaintance, the mutual attraction grew into a firm attachment. There was a proposal and acceptance; but when the consent of her father was asked, he flew into a passion and ordered the young man off the island. The young lawyer removed to an adjacent isle where he erected his hut and resolved to remain until his lady-love should reach the age to act for herself. But in due time the father came to his senses and gave his consent to the marriage at the close of a twelvemonth. In accordance with this arrangement the two were united in marriage in 1851. Though marriage took her away from the island, she continued to spend some part of every year there, and since the death of her husband, ten years ago, Appledore has been her abiding-place. Her last request was that she might be buried on the rock that had been so dear to her in life.

It was fitting that the islands, which had been

made famous by her pen, should retain her dust. Celia Thaxter is known as a writer in both prose and poetry. She was a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals. Among her books is an imaginative history of the Isles in which she so much delighted. The book had a great run at the time of publication and may still be read as a fine description of our coast and island scenery. But she was known principally by her poems, a volume of which was published in 1872, followed in 1876 by another. "Among the Isles of Shoals" was published in Boston in 1873, and "Driftwood" in 1879. "Poems for Children" came in 1884, and the "Cruise of the Mystery" in 1886.

The charm of her poems, as of her prose, is found in her admirable descriptions of nature as seen on sea and shore, in the breaking waves and the open fields, in earth and sky, in bird, beast, and the associations of human life. With artistic taste, she was also a minute observer of the various life about her, and her poetry faithfully reflects this surface of nature. In a few of her poems she touches the deeper keys, as in "Kittery Church Yard," "The Spaniards' Graves," and "The Watch of Boon Island." "Courage" and "The Sandpiper" are reckoned also among her best. There is generally much light on her canvas. Take this bit:—

"And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.
The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet."

"The Watch of Boon Island" turns the other side of the picture. The wife had heroically followed her husband to the lighthouse on the lonely island, when death came and left her to watch alone with her dead.

"Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee
All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
Roams the vast, shuddering spaces of the sea;
Death found them; turned his face and passed
her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships."

"The Spaniards' Graves" gives a picture of human despair. The mothers and wives of the sailors lost on one of these islands waited for the sea—

"To bring back their beloved. Year by year
Wearily they watched, till youth and beauty passed,
And lustre eyes grew dim and age grew near,
And hope was dead at last."

The Transcript thus beautifully describes the burial of this beloved New England poet:—

"The scene on Tuesday, Aug. 26, at the Isles of Shoals, was one bearing witness to the beauty and generosity of Celia Thaxter's life. Her body was laid, untouched by any hands except those of love, near her parents, high up on the solemn island of Appledore, where the sea framed the entire circle of the horizon. Her own beautiful room, in which she lay, a noble marble effigy of herself, more beautiful than any could understand save those who knew her best, and clothed in unearthly sweetness, was arranged for the last time as nearly after her own habit as possible. She lay there on a bed of the sweet bay which covers the island, her friends Appleton Brown and Childie Hansen having laid the dark green leaves in masses around her form while the room itself was one vast bank of flowers. After William Mason had played the music from Schumann, which was more inspiring to her, as she always said, than anything else, and Rev. James De Normandie, another of her oldest friends, had read a few of the great words of Scripture and paid her a brief tribute of affection spoken for all who surrounded her, she was borne by her brothers and those nearest to her up to the silent spot where her body was left.

"The day was still and soft, and the veiled sun was declining as the solemn procession, bearing flowers, followed to the sacred place. At a respectful distance above stood a wide ring of interested observers, but only those who knew her and loved her best drew near. After all was done and the body was at rest upon the fragrant bed prepared for it, all the young flower-bearers held up their burdens to cover her. Those bright, tear-stained faces, holding up their arms full of flowers—among them palms which she herself had laid two or three years ago upon the grave of Julius Eichberg, and which had been religiously preserved in all their freshness—these were heaped upon the spot until it became a vast mound of blossoms.

"It was indeed a poet's burial; but it was far more than that; it was the celebration of the passing of a great and beneficent soul. These words sprang to the lips of those who witnessed the scene, —

"Behold how they loved her."

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The Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, for the purpose of consolidating its indebtedness, will issue, on the 1st day of October, a new series of Coupon Bonds bearing five per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. These bonds are secured by a first mortgage and trust deed covering nearly all the real estate held by the Society in the United States. They are issued in denominations of \$50 and \$25, and are made payable in twenty years from October 1st, but redeemable at the pleasure of Society after five years. Holders of outstanding bonds of the Society are requested to correspond with either the undersigned, in New York, or Dr. CHANNING, at Cincinnati, with a view to the redemption of the same, or their exchange for the new issue. The total bonded debt of the Society is limited to \$175,000, secured as above stated. Fifty thousand dollars of these bonds are to be left with the undersigned for sale. Orders will be filled in the order in which they are received. No bonds will be sold at less than par, and cash must invariably accompany the order, except in case of exchange.

SANDFORD HUNT, Asst. Treasurer, F. A. & S. E. Society, 130 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FINE PEDESTALS.

About once a year we venture to remind the public of pedestals. It is rarely wise to get on a pedestal oftener than that.

This year there are so many new designs that choice is extremely difficult. Some of the old classic columns have been reproduced for the first time, and there are other shapes of great beauty.

The carving is all executed with more than ordinary skill, and the wood is carefully chosen with an eye to its graining and color.

The important fact, however, and the one which prompts this announcement, is the question of price. We are prepared, during the next ten days, to quote unusual figures on pedestals. From 25 to 35 per cent. may be saved by taking advantage of this opportunity.

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The Family.

LONGINGS.

Meta E. H. Thorne.

Could I but lift the veil, dear love,
That hides thee from mine eyes,
Could I but see thee there, above
Life and its mysteries;
One little glimpse into thy home
Amid those realms of peace,
Where griefs and changes never come,
Where cares and troubles cease;
One faintest whisper of thy joy
In that bright world, I know—
Though far from thy serene employ—
Would comfort my heart so!

If I could know that, though afar
Beyond death's wide, deep sea,
Naught could divide our souls or mar
Thy tender thought for me,
Thy loving-kindness that alway
With watchfulness and care
Sheltered my happy earthly way,
Enfolded me with prayer;
Could I but feel that not forgot
Are we who linger here!
Thou from our hearts shall perish not.
Are we to these still dear?

In vain I strive with yearning gaze
To pierce the shadows deep;
My heart aches all the busy days,
Through the lone nights I weep.
Yet shall I not believe that He
Who called thee home to rest,
In love bestows rich joys on thee
Among the ransomed blest?
And may I not rejoice to know—
This shall my solace be—
Love but more true and strong shall grow
Through long eternity?

A SUMMER STORM.

When skies are bluest in our hot midsummer,
Clouds gather black and sullen in the west;
Then, with the wrath of an unbidden comer,
A storm breaks wildly from its long unrest.
It breaks and thunders through forsaken valleys,
Over wide plains that bloom with tangled
flowers,
Shrieking along green woodland ways and alleys,
Down placid waters and rose-sweetened
bowers,
It has the fury of the gale-blown surges;
It has the soul of madness fired and freed;
And some dire-circling will of chaos urges
Its spirit that hangers with insatiate greed.
Men fall before it like the supple grasses;
Earth trembles in its close and mighty hold;
And through vast rocky steeps of mountain
passes
I see a yellowed, foaming torrent rolled.

No voice is heard; no life is seen; but darkness
Lies like deep night upon the gasping earth;
Wide-branching oaks bend low in utter starkness,
And battling winds cry out their cruel mirth;
Yet here one hour ago I heard the singing
Of a glad bluebird in sweet sun and breeze,
While some young maiden sped with laughter
flinging
Her joyous soul to the song-haunted trees.

— GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY, in *Harper's Weekly*.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

If any man want to follow Christ, he must first have his eyes opened. That was Christ's way in the days of His flesh. He did not say to blind men by the wayside, "Gropes your way after Me, and we may see about your vision by-and-by." No; He stopped, gave eyes to the blind, and then passed on. Christians are not blind men, but men whose eyes have been divinely opened. — Dr. Joseph Parker.

I do not say, with Richter's dreamer, Give me back my youth, that willful, undisciplined thing. My youth shines before me. I come from the west: I travel to the east. What is any monument to the advancing soul? It lives in the future. It leaves the past. It recoils not itself, and would not have us recollect it. — C. A. Bartol, D. D.

To fall in finding gifts, and still to give,
To count all trouble ease, all loss as gain,
To learn in dying as a self to live—
This dost thou do, and seek thy joy in pain?
Rejoice that not unworthy thou art found
For Love to touch thee with his hand divine;
Put off thy shoes, thou art on holy ground;
Thou standest on the threshold of his shrine.
But canst thou wait in patience, make no sign,
And where in power thou fallest—oh, not in will—
See some need served by other hands than thine,
And other hands the dear desire fulfill,
Hear others gain the thanks that thou wouldst win,
Yet be all joy? Then hast thou entered in.

— ANNA C. BRACKETT, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A young minister came to a saintly preacher and told him he had lost his communion with God and his power in the pulpit, and wanted him to help him. The aged saint asked him if all was right with his conscience—if he was doing right in his private as well as in his public life. The young man said, "Yes, O yes! I am doing right—I am sure it is not wrong. I know it is not wrong." The old minister said, "Let us pray." After prayer he took the hand of the young man and said, solemnly: "I feel there is something wrong in your life; I really can get no access in prayer for you. Will you give up what is doubtful in your conduct?" The cold

sweat stood on the brow of the young man as he said: "I cannot give it up, it will kill me!" The true minister replied: "It isn't much to die—but you cannot afford to do wrong." A few moments of silent anguish followed, and the pale face was lifted and the words fell from the lips of the young man: "I surrender!" And the cloud was lifted from his life and a peculiar power rested on his ministry thereafter. — *London Independent*.

"The Lord shall sit as a refiner of silver." He the refiner, and He the fire. Contact with God, being bathed in His Holy Spirit, the perpetual yielding of the nature to Him, will work a marvelous change upon us. At first the face of the melting metal may be dark and lurid—deep orange red, over which a flickering flame shall pass; but, as the process is pursued, the color will become lighter, the dark fumes will pass off, and the metal shall bear the appearance of the highly polished mirror, reflecting the beholder's face. The process may be long, but the result is sure. — F. B. Meyer, B. A.

I believe more people stumble over the inconsistencies of professed Christians than from any other cause. What is doing more harm to the cause of Christ than all the skepticism in the world, is this cold, dead formalism—this conformity to the world, this professing what we do not possess. The eyes of the world are upon us. I think it was George Fox who said that every Quaker ought to light up the country ten miles around him. If we were all brightly shining for the Master, those about us would soon be reached, and there would be a shout of praise going to heaven. — Dwight L. Moody.

Let us beware of enthusiasm which flares up too suddenly, and then expires. Such enthusiasm, whether for work, for friendship, for devotion, for any reason beneath the sun and stars, is to be deprecated. Better far the steady pace which keeps on tirelessly to the end of the day than the spurt which exhausts itself in a burst and gains nothing worth the name of reward.

Many of us do not take seriously into account the fact that a capacity for enthusiasm and sustained effort in work is the only fountain of youth left upon the earth. The person who works with unflinching energy and real delight in work for the work's sake forgets to grow old. Not long ago, in a company of gifted men and women, the one who attracted most observation and held around her the most loyal court was a fine and stately gentlewoman well on toward eighty.

"What is her secret? How has she preserved this almost miraculous charm of manner, this rare beauty of countenance?" some one asked her granddaughter.

"Oh," was the answer, "grandmamma has kept her weapons shining by constant use! She studies, reads, walks, goes into society, as she always did. She never thinks about herself, always thinks of what she is doing. And she is as enthusiastic about each day's work as if she were only sixteen." — *Harper's Bazar*.

MIRAGE.

Mrs. C. F. Wilder.

"It seems only yesterday that school closed, and we were to begin the long vacation," said Mrs. Dunlap, my next neighbor. "The summer has gone, the children are almost ready for school, and what have I to show as a result of the vacation when I planned to do so much? Oh, dear! it is discouraging!" And Mrs. Dunlap's hands dropped into her lap in a manner as expressive as the "limp" tone of her voice.

As she talked, how could we help thinking of the time when, going through Mexico, we passed over a vast, sandy plain covered only with the cacti, mesquite, or a scanty growth of thorn-bush, and saw, from the car-window, what seemed to be a beautiful lake surrounded with bending trees and green pastures, just at the horizon, only a few miles away. We all understand what beautiful visions the mirage produces, but they leave a sad impression upon the mind.

During the months past as, some days, I lay in my darkened room, I have seen another mirage.

Like Mrs. Dunlap, I had planned the summer's work. The children were to have the needed leisure for their music. Business was to improve so that John could have repaired the one room in the house that, above all others, needed repairing. A book that has been on the docket for years was to be finished, accepted, published—and a success! The fall house-cleaning was to be all done before school began; new carpets in place of the ones so nearly resembling boudoir cloth; winter garments all ready for wear; kindnesses of friends reciprocated; letters answered; new books read; church, Sunday-school, missionary and club duties all performed, and the usual work for the poor never neglected.

But the days have gone by. Unlike Janus, we had only one head; the strength of a Samson failed to come; the temperance laws and moral and intellectual habits of our people are a hindrance to lawyer's fees, so the business does not revive; and the room and carpets are still a means of grace

to the house-mother. The children, patient darlings, have tucked self out of sight and helped the mother fight dust and heat; the piano, organ, or violin have been tuned up only when there came a moment of time between the imperative duties.

I wonder if the experiences of these few months in my life are so very different from the experiences of the past few months in the lives of everybody else, or so very different from that of the whole life!

In our childhood we called our plans and hopes "castles in the air." How dear to us were those visions of a useful and happy life! Our very prayers were half dreams and half prayers. Our hopes were too precious to utter even to the reeds lest they whisper them to a passing breeze, and so the world—our little world—know our fond secret and our ambition. How full of treasures were those castles! But they tumbled about our ears, often lying in dreary ruins until we had neither heart nor courage to build others—until the next day.

We are planning today to do something worth while in some fortunate tomorrow we see over at the horizon. "Tomorrow"—when it comes—will be such a long, sunny day that we shall have time to finish the book, make all the winter garments, and spend all the money that comes in from those perplexed clients! That "tomorrow" will give us plenty of time to call on the friends in the next block, answer all the letters that ought to have been answered when first received, give hours in which to begin the study we have planned so long, and time to visit the needy poor and lend a hand to those in trouble.

Yes, when the purple or the poverty, the love of the world or the cares of life, are not so strong or great, we will turn our eyes toward the footsteps of Him we profess to follow and take up only next duties. "Not today," but "tomorrow," we will be ready to lay down the trifles that now fill hand and brain and take up a better work. Today we will dream away in beautiful visions and vague longings; tomorrow we will look at things as they are. Today we will look earthward and drag our muck-rake; tomorrow we will climb Pisgah's top.

We cannot take the Sunday-school class now; but by and by we will take up the work. It is not convenient to go to Sabbath-school today; perhaps we can—next fall. There was too much to do today, and we are too tired to go to prayer-meeting tonight; next week—and then!

"Come unto Me, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters! Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

Did you ever notice the difference, in degree, of discouragement before and after dinner? Have not the very troubles that in the night-time looked like a mountain seemed only a trifle in the morning sun? In the same way the soul gets discouraged and is heavily-burdened. It is hungry for the heavenly manna, thirsty for the living water, and far from the Light in which it ought to abide.

My house-plants eat and drink the light, the air, the water; they so appropriate these elements to themselves that they are able to live, grow, and give gladness. When Christians appropriate Christ so that He will become their Meat, their Drink, their Light, hope and courage will take the place of weariness and discouragement, and they will no longer fasten their eyes on their burdens, refusing to see the wings that are closely folded over each, and spend their days "murmuring against God and Moses." "Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight in fatness."

This morning I planned enough work for myself to keep three women busy all day. John was in a hurry this morning—he always is—and he remarked at the gate, where I had followed to bid him good-bye and see if the "follages" were drooping in the hot winds, "I do hope I can find time to go to R— this afternoon and get back in season for the session of the— meeting this evening."

Did not you, my sister, plan for your day's work very much as I planned? Does not your John drive himself with whip and spur in a way that if he were a slave would be rank oppression? Why do we eat that which does not satisfy and go clear through life with souls as lean as Pharaoh's kine? Why are we keeping ourselves all the time on the rack physically, mentally, spiritually? Home, society, church, state, making frail woman do the work of an Amazon and everybody search-

ing for a royal road that will give her all this and heaven beside! No wonder Lady Ashburton cried out, when the learned statesman was pouring his knowledge over her, "No more! no more! I'm overflowed with learning now and already stand in the alops!"

When we think of the quiet, simple, dignified life Christ led during those thirty years of silence and preparation, and then think of the hurry and bustle, rustle and ambition of our lives, we wish these things need not be.

We are so hungry for lands and money and honor and fine clothes and rich houses, that we have lost appetite for Christ and the simple way of living with Him. We have fed on husks so long we cannot be made to realize that there is other and better food. We are so absorbed eating our carobs we see no beauty in a sunset. No—we want a Corot. We are never interested in the play of a kitten; we want a Bonheur. Bouguereau is much more interesting than the real people hungry for bread who live down the alley two blocks away. We are deaf to the exultant strain of the mocking-bird, the whistle of the red-bird, the plaintive notes of the bluebird, the cheery song of the robin, and sigh to have interpreted for us at two dollars an evening the passionate voices of Wagner, Brahms or Rubinstein.

All the beauty and joy of life is a mirage. We have no time to hearken to the Voice. Our eyes are blind; we cannot see. Our ears are deaf; we cannot hear.

Some day, some time, somewhere, we shall have leisure. — Then!

Manhattan, Kansas.

About Women.

—The *Woman's Journal* says: "Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson is rapidly arranging the details of the Home Department for the Food Exposition, which is to be held in Boston in October. She has already interested many from other lands and in different sections of our own country through her connection with the Columbian Exposition and her recent trip to California and Mexico."

—Mrs. B. S. Leathers, wife of the commander of the Mississippi steamer "Natchez," has made an application for a captain's license. She is described as a "gentle little woman, with a very pretty face," and she says of her application: "For thirteen years I have lived on the river, knowing, I may say, every turn and twist in the Mississippi, every landing from New Orleans to Vicksburg, and every corner of the 'Natchez' from pilot-house to lower deck, as thoroughly as though it were a home on land."

—At the last graduation ceremony of the University of Glasgow, the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Master in Surgery were, for the first time in the history of any Scotch university, conferred on two women graduates, Miss Gilchrist and Miss Cumming. Each has studied seven years in Queen Margaret College, now the Women's Department of the University of Glasgow. Three of these years were spent in the School of Arts, and four in the School of Medicine. The clinical work was taken in the Royal Infirmary and in the Glasgow Children's Hospital.

—Mrs. Emma G. Bostwick is probably the oldest singer in the world. She is seventy-seven years old, yet her voice shows no cracked or tinny quality. When she was sixty she received \$1,000 a year in a Chicago church choir. She still sings daily, and has no intention of giving up until her voice fails. She ascribes the preservation of her voice to steady practice. Nearly or quite fifty years ago, Mrs. Bostwick was a singer in Dr. Hodge's choir, Trinity Church, New York, and afterwards for many years soprano soloist in the cathedral quartet choir of Ascension Church, New York city.

—W. D. Howells says: "Twice in my life my personal remarks were reported with such accuracy and care that I was more than satisfied. Last year a young woman called upon me with a note from a well-known editor to get some observations from me on the World's Fair. The result proved conclusively that woman in journalism is fully as capable as man, if not more so; and, as interviewers, they are surely better equipped by nature, with their insinuating tact and mental alertness. There is no reason, either, why the bloom of feminine refinement should be lost in such a career. That depends upon the individual herself."

—A noteworthy incident in the recent Bryant commemoration at his old home in Cummingtown was the singing at the close of the forenoon exercises of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's glorious "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The whole noble poem was sung; E. Lester Brown, son of the orator of the day, taking each verse in solo, with a rich baritone voice, and the local chorus the "Glory, Hallelujah!" chorus, the audience joining therein. But when it came to the last stanza, the veteran John Hutchinson, his face as rich as in his prime, gave the solo—"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea"—and the effect was electric. To those who remember the long antislavery crusade in which the Hutchinsons took part, there was a deeper significance to this "seal of the covenant." Mrs. Howe, sitting amidst the rising thousands, must have felt this thrill profoundly.

The Household.

Cleaning Oxidized Silver.

If oxidized silver be rubbed with any kind of silver powder it will lose its peculiar beauty, as the oxidation will disappear and it will resemble ordinary silver. All that is necessary to clean oxidized articles is to wash them with soap and water, and polish them with chamolite or a dry flannel. — *Harper's Bazar*.

Try It.

It has been suggested that a very good way to keep hats and bonnets from wobbling about in the trunk when traveling, is to stick long pins through them into the trunk tray, which will hold them securely in place, no matter which end of the trunk is on top. — *Examiner*.

Baked Tomatoes Stuffed with Rice.

Simply cut off the small ends of the tomatoes and remove the seeds. Boil the rice for ten minutes; a quarter of a cup will be quite sufficient for eight tomatoes. Fill in the vacancies with this boiled rice, and place a slice of onion over the top of it. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a baking-pan with a tablespoonful of water. Put the tomatoes in and bake slowly for thirty minutes, basting frequently. When ready to serve remove the onion, dish the tomatoes and pour the sauce around them. — *Household News*.

Piccilli.

Chop separately one peck of green tomatoes, six green peppers, six onions and one cauliflower. Mix thoroughly after adding one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt. Let stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally. Drain on a towel, and then put in a porcelain or agate kettle and cover with cold vinegar. Add two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, two of peppercorns, two of celery seed (in a bag with the spice), one of cloves, two of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of mustard seed, and one of sugar. Boil twenty minutes after it actually commences to boil, stirring constantly. Bottle. — *N. Y. Observer*.

Keep Your Refrigerator Clean.

Probably few housekeepers or servants have any idea of what is meant by keeping the refrigerator clean. All refrigerators should be washed out thoroughly once a week with hot water in which soda has been dissolved.

In the part where the food is kept, little particles of this are apt to adhere to the zinc. Unless these are removed they will putrefy and produce a germ which will attack at once all fresh food put in, and cause it to become bad in a very short time. Almost every one is familiar with the stale smell in refrigerators, which is indicative of putrefying matter.

Merely to wash out a refrigerator is not enough; it must be cleaned. This means that the corners must be scrubbed out, the waste-pipe thoroughly cleansed.

Then before the ice is put into it it should be well aired. The solution of soda should be washed out with fresh hot water. This must all be done weekly. — *DR. CYRUS EDSON, in Youth's Companion*.

Celia Thaxter.

THE literary world has sustained a great loss in the sudden death of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the well-known poet, at the Isles of Shoals. She was the daughter of Thomas B. Loughton, of Portsmouth, N. H., in which city she was born June 29, 1836. In early life she went with him to a new home at Appledore Island, and here the greater part of her life had been passed. Thomas B. Loughton was widely known for many years as the landlord of the Appledore House. Beside his daughter, Celia, he had two sons, Cedric and Oscar, who inherited and continued the business of their father, and are now popular landlords. During her childhood and her girlhood Mrs. Thaxter came into the closest possible touch with nature and the mysterious charms of the sea. She was passionately fond of flowers. The most sensitive flower could not but grow under her care. Seeds and roots transported from balmy climes flourished in her garden, and withstood all trials of a capricious temperature. Early and late it was her custom to work among her flowers with the diligence and faithfulness which only her ardent love for them could have inspired.

Although spent away from the world, as it were, Mrs. Thaxter's early life was not without its romance, for it was as a visitor in her father's home that Mr. Levi Thaxter, a young lawyer, first met her. Remaining for some time on account of his health, he learned to know and appreciate the gifted daughter, thus forming the acquaintance that culminated in a pretty romance. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter still spent their summers at the islands, living, in the winter, either in Boston, where the latter had many literary friends, or traveling. Mrs. Thaxter is remembered by all who have known her as especially cordial, with a bearing agreeable and a manner warm. Her voice was like a silver chime in tone, and her hearty laugh like that of a girl. A writer in the "Women's Corner" of the Boston Journal says: "Only last Thursday she held the writer's hands in hers as she spoke of the pleasures the summer had brought to her. She wore a becoming dress of pale gray color, closely fitted to her round, well-proportioned figure and turned away at the throat, where a kerchief of white silk was laid in soft, even folds. Her white, wavy hair seemed whiter and more beautiful than ever, and her clear blue eyes were kindled with an eager light as she spoke of her beloved garden, which is now radiant in its glory, and of the perfect summer which has rendered

the Isles of Shoals irresistibly attractive throughout the entire season."

The story of her early life Mrs. Thaxter has told in one of her prose works, "Among the Isles of Shoals," and the many happy years she had spent there have given a strong local color to her work; the changing seasons, the growth of the flowers and the humble weed, the breath of the winds and the voice of all nature have furnished themes for her poetical pen; and beside the volume mentioned, "Poems," "Drift-wood," "Poems for Children," "The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems," have been given to the world.

THE PORCH OF LIFE.

Within the Porch of Life we sit,
The access to the heavenly door;
The shadowy porch where cold rains pour,
And every bleak wind blows on it,
And those who crowd to stand thereon
Smiling with youth grow grave anon.

We sit among our fellows so,
Shivering a little in the wind,
And still we catch the sun's glow
The faint beam of an inward glow —
A home-like ray, which through the door
Steals, softly beckoning, evermore.

There in sure comfort, safe and warm,
They sit who have an entrance won,
Smiling and glad; each dearest one
Who once endured the bitter storm,
And shared our patience and our pain,
But come not forth to share again.

Dear door, which never is shut tight,
And knows no bolt and needs no bar,
But through all ages stands ajar
To bless the eyes which yearn for sight,
And keep the souls that wait without
From the slow, desolate death of doubt!

The Porch of Life is hard and bare,
And long the waiting sometimes seems.
But while we catch the sun's glow
Making the darkness subtly fair,
And know the door is open still,
We can endure it with good will.

— *SURAN COOLIDGE, in S. S. Times*.

HOME BREAKING.

HOME making has long had a large share of attention in public print. Articles on every phase of it abound, and entire periodicals are published solely in its interest. But, however carefully a home is made, there is ever before it a near possibility and a remoter certainty that it must be broken. Let death take a mother, a father, or some other head of the family, and the light and life of the home is gone; it is only a question of days when its walls must be dismantled and its rooms left empty for other occupants. In proportion as the home life is rich, harmonious and of long standing, its dissolution will be painful and perplexing. The process is hard enough at best, but failure of forecast frequently makes it needlessly trying. That most certain of all future events — death! — how hard for us to plan for it! We shrink from allying in any way to its coming, we fall utterly to plan for its destructive blow at the foundations of the home; and thus a father with his motherless little ones, or a widow in her desolation, surveys the ruins of over-confident hopes, and says, "What shall I do? Where shall I go? Why did I not talk it all over with that dear one when I could have gained helpful counsel and suggestions?"

Wherever there is wealth in a home there is presumably a last will and testament disposing of the bulk of property, and when this provision for the future is neglected the law is at hand with its directions for the settlement of estates. But the peculiar trials of breaking up a home centre at points so minute as to be untouched by these provisions. What shall be done with the articles of furniture, personal effects, decorative gifts, and all those little belongings of a home, of no intrinsic value, but priceless in their associations? When the time comes for completely clearing out storeroom and attic and making some disposition of everything, into what perplexity are we thrown! And how we wish, when too late, that the silent lips could speak to us, if but a word of authoritative direction.

To assist in such scenes as these, which may come to any of our homes more speedily than we imagine, there are certain suggestions worth considering. Some of them ought to occur to the inexperienced but candidly thoughtful; all of them have been borne in upon the soul of the writer by a twice repeated experience in home breaking.

The first thought which such a time of demolition suggests is greater care in preventing household accumulations. The art of true economy is no easy one. A garment partly worn out, partly good — shall we hang it in that back closet or give it away? That broken chair — shall it go into the attic or upon the kindling pile? Those old books, too antiquated to read, too dull to give to others, yet too good to destroy — is there not some secluded shelf where they may repose while we make up our minds concerning their final disposition? When Mr. Aldrich's "bad boy" comes home one day with a black eye, Aunt Abigail makes no less than six green shades for the damaged optic, and hangs the five needless ones in the attic, remarking that "they might come handy some time!" It is to be feared that there is too much of that kind of expensive economy practiced at the present day, though the old-fashioned New England attic is becoming lost to sight and dear only to memory. The semi-annual house-cleaning indeed produces spasms of reform, but there is need of some permanent and persistent principle upon this point.

But while it is possible to greatly diminish

the tasks of this home breaking, we cannot wholly evade them. It often happens that one must go through room after room of the desolated abode and decide at once upon the disposition of articles which seem almost instinct with the life that has gone. Something must be done with them; what shall it be? "Oh, if we could only ask her about it!" "Ah, how quickly he could tell us, if he could speak!" Why may not such questions be answered in time? They can be; they should be. How? By taking pen and paper now, friendly reader, and making simple but plain memoranda for the guidance of those who would be left in such perplexity if you were suddenly to drop out of their lives.

No one need know today what you write, or even that you write; but if such directions were found after your death they would have all the binding force of any legal instrument, and might be an inexpressible help in a hard place. That gift which came last Christmas from a dear friend — why not specify its return with some message of your love or designate its future possessor? There are relatives and intimate friends who would forever prize some little item of your possessions; why not make distribution yourself, instead of leaving that delicate duty for others? In your own home circle, among the children, how shall certain articles be individually divided, concerning the disposition of whose totality there could be no question? At the best, when there is the utmost of loving consideration among all concerned, such a task is hard enough, unhelped by the known wishes of the one who is gone. At the worst, when a petty covetousness reveals itself, and there is almost ghoulish greed and rivalry among those of whom it would be incredible were it not sometimes proved sadly true, such directions would be an inestimable boon.

There is also the opportunity, by taking advantage of quiet moments of the full possession of one's faculties, to project into the future the beneficence of one's life. It matters not whether the gifts be so large as to need a formal and carefully drawn legal instrument, or whether they be so small as to seem scarcely worth mentioning on paper. In either case there is a privilege, nay, more, a duty of Christian stewardship. The gift of some wearing apparel or some book or picture may mean more, when one has nothing more to give, than the millionaire's legacy of thousands of dollars. The knowledge that a dear friend, years ago, thought of you, and took pains to record that thought, is of inestimable preciousness.

While it is thus possible for the father or the mother, or any other member of a family, to make easy a home breaking which would follow a sudden death, without any personal word, there is still a more excellent way. Love shrinks from even dreaming of parting, but it is not the wisest or the deepest love which will let a father and mother rear a family of little ones without one word between them as to what the other should do in case death were to take one of them suddenly away. There should be a frank confidence between them as to what might be in such an emergency. Heedlessness, or cowardice, here sometimes carries with it a bitter penalty which the innocent suffer alone in behalf of the guilty, unless perchance, in God's providence, those who thus pass from earth are able to see some of the perplexities in which their dear ones are left. — "One Who Has Been Through It," in *Congregationalist*.

FOR A GIRL AT SCHOOL.

IN regard to wearing apparel, that most useful article, a dressing gown, is usually conspicuous by its absence, yet it is a simple necessity. It may be as thick as elder-down or as light as cheese-cloth, only, girls, have something of this nature. My own preference is for a pretty, striped, light-weight flannel.

Another incompressible omission is that of soft crocheted bedroom slippers, an almost indispensable article. It is not comfortable to be obliged to slip one's feet into boots coming from one's bath, or if suddenly roused in the night, nor is it cleanly or prudent to skip about, as some girls do, with feet clad, as Mark Twain says, only in their complexion.

Be sure and have a whisk-broom of your own; two, indeed, are really necessary — one stout and serviceable for your heavy dresses, and a fine, soft one to keep your hats in order and the velvet on your dresses presentable.

Bring from home a little scrap-bag with bits of your various gowns, for accidents may happen to the best-regulated girl. Add a little roll of cambric pieces to mend your underwear, for buttons will tear out, leaving unsightly holes. Some strips of old linen, besides, never come amiss.

You need a clothes-bag for your soiled clothes, of course. If this is one to be nailed against your closet door, an additional large square of gingham is useful to wrap your things in when they are sent to the laundry.

As for sewing materials, girls usually have a thimble, sometimes scissors and needles. Black and white thread, at least two spools of each, coarse and fine, should be added to your supply, and a spool of black silk. Darning-cotton ought to go without saying, with darning needles and stocking-ball, if you care for one. Add to your sewing outfit a tiny button-bag, with two or three buttons matching those on your gowns, small pearl buttons, bone buttons, if you need them, shoe buttons, and glove buttons — last and least in size if not in utility.

Your desk is presumably well supplied with your favorite paper. Have, besides, a box of the pens you especially affect, a sharp penknife, and a stamp-case. If you keep up the dainty

custom of sealing your letters, you will have a little candle and candlestick, your seal, and blue or gray wax. Your desk may not contain an inkstand, and then you need a little traveling-case of leather. A whole package of lead-pencils gives one a sense of affluence, and a memorandum tablet for your occasional shopping is a comfort. Another source of great satisfaction is a big calendar to hang on the wall, and thus see the days grow fewer as the blessed holidays approach. — *Harper's Bazar*.

Little Folks.

THE BROKEN GOBLET.

"WILL you give me a glass of water?" asked little Olive Grey, stopping at the door of Mrs. Trim's cottage and peeping in.

She thought Mrs. Trim would be sitting there, but she was not to be seen. Instead of her portly person Olive saw a thin little girl, who was washing the dishes. However, she smiled, and took a goblet and put it on the table.

"I've just fetched in a fresh pail, miss," she said, filling the glass; "and it's as cool as ice."

Then she handed the glass to Olive, who said —

"Thank you. Have you come to stay with Mrs. Trim?" she asked, after a pause.

"I don't quite know, miss," said the girl.

"I'm here a week on trial. I used to live at the poorhouse, and I'm just old enough to hire out. If the lady likes me, she'll take me to bring up. I hope she will. It's a real nice home, and such a pretty garden. My name is Sally Twigg, miss."

"Well, Sally, I should think Mrs. Trim would be sure to like you," said Olive. And, with a "good-morning," she ran away.

She was going to a croquet party, and was in a hurry. When she had gone a little way, however, she met May Bostwick, fanning herself with her hat and looking very pink.

"I am so thirsty, Olive," she said, "that I don't know what to do. I ran hard all up the road, and my tongue is like a chip."

"I'll get you some water," said Olive.

"Mrs. Trim's girl gave me some. Come! And the two ran back together to the door of the little cottage.

It was wide open, and no one was there; but the cedar pail stood on the table, and the glass beside it. Olive filled the glass, and gave May all she wanted, and then took another glass herself.

"Hurry!" said May. "We'll be late!" And Olive reached to put the glass on the table without looking. The consequence was that she set it only half-way on; and before the girls had more than stepped outside the door down it went, crash, upon the oil-cloth!

"Oh!" cried Olive. "What have I done?"

"Come along, quick," said May, catching her hand, "and no one will ever know you did it."

And Olive, on the impulse of the moment, yielded to the advice and the pull; and they ran away together. But never, never, never did she feel so ashamed of herself.

"I cannot play," she said, presently.

"I'm sorry, girls; but I feel dreadful, and I must go home." There was only one person in the world who could tell her what was right to do, and that was her mamma.

"My little girl," said mamma, "you should have found Mrs. Trim, and told her all about it. Now you must take a nice glass of mine, wrap it in paper, and go to Mrs. Trim at once. Tell her the truth, and say, 'Mother sends you a glass in place of the one I broke, with her compliments.'"

Olive felt happier now. She bathed her eyes, took the polished glass her mother gave her all nicely wrapped up, and was soon at the cottage.

However, when her feet were on the porch and the door-knob in her hand, she paused, half afraid to enter, hiding the glass behind her, and heard some one sobbing softly and some one scolding loudly. Mrs. Trim was saying —

"There's no reason, in a general way, for breaking; but it ain't that only. If you'd said, 'Mrs. Trim, I've met with an accident and broken a glass; but I'll be more careful in future,' why, I might have scolded, but we wouldn't have parted for it. But to tell fibs, and lay the goblet to my poor cat! — a likely story! And who'd come in while you were out to break a glass?"

"I, Mrs. Trim," said Olive, opening the door. "Sally gave me one glass of water; and I came back to get another for a thirsty little girl I met, and didn't put it far enough on the table. Sally was not here; and mamma sends her compliments, and will you accept a glass in its place?"

"Why, I don't want your ma's glass, Olive," said Mrs. Trim. But she did not force Olive to take it back when she put it on the table.

When Olive had gone a little way up the road, some one came running after her. It was Sally.

"O miss!" she said, "how sweet of you to come back! Most would have run away."

"I ran away first, Sally," said Olive, meekly.

"But you came back," said Sally, with a strange, solemn look, "and saved me from being sent back to that frightful place. Thank you for ever and ever!"

"It was like a prayer, somehow," Olive said to her mother, "and made me cry." — *Selected*.

Editorial.

THE MISSION OF WORK.

WORK is the grand mission of all human beings. Play is an incident, which can be indulged largely only to the detriment of both the individual and the public. Civilization, as it advances, so far from dispensing with work, adds to the tale of duties. No man is so much at leisure as the savage who has few wants and no high ambitions. As the savage rises in the scale, becoming conscious of new wants and wider responsibilities to others, he finds additional exertion indispensable. He must not only work, he must work consecutively; there must be foresight and introductory preparation. He must co-operate with others, and become organized as a regular soldier in the army of labor. This means that he is taken out of the condition of the savage and placed in that of the civilized man; and it means, also, that the transformation is wrought by means of labor. Labor is the great schoolmaster of man, whose discipline is both severe and salutary. To this drill of life we owe both manly virtue and the success attained by its exercise along any of the lines of human industry. To do, and to do with purpose, is the glory of man; to be idle is to decline toward the condition of the savage.

GOD'S VOICE WITHIN.

IT being generally admitted that conscience is a voice divine, many people are naturally puzzled by the various deliverances that go by that name, and they inquire somewhat anxiously how it is that the divine voice can give such different decisions. The mystery is insoluble so long as conscience is confounded with the judgment. This mistake has led to great evils, and should be corrected on every suitable occasion. Until it is done and the distinction borne steadily in mind, there can be no clearness of thought on the subject, and a vast variety of practical questions will remain in a muddle.

Conscience in the strict sense is a propelling force always pushing a man toward the performance of what is right as he understands it and reproving him if he does not do it. It is not, properly speaking, what the common language so often makes it—a man's judgment as to what is right. This latter is often blinded and erring, leading people far astray. No one would pretend that he was not liable to form an erroneous judgment, that he was infallible. The steam-engine drives a boat forward, the rudder directs its course. If the wheel turns the rudder so that the ship is pointed for the rocks, the engine drives the vessel on them, but not through any fault of the engine. When it is said that a man's conscience misleads him, the real meaning is that his intellectual judgment has failed to indicate the best course; and when people in general say that their conscience forbids them to take this or that step, it merely expresses the fact that for certain reasons, which may be very good or very poor, they do not consider the step a right one.

To speak of conscience as a divine guide, as the voice of God in the soul of man, as a heaven-sent messenger to keep us in the right path, and then make it include our intellectual judgments which are constantly astray, is to mix things terribly. Conscience has been cleverly said to be "the tongue that tastes the flavor of intentions," "that which perceives and feels rightness and oughtness in choices." In this sense it unquestionably has a divine mandate, and never misleads us, for we may infallibly know whether we mean right or wrong in our deliberate choices, and conscience merely bids us do whatever we consider our duty. But what that duty may be under any particular circumstances He has laid it upon us to find out through the mental and spiritual powers given us.

BUSINESS AND ENDORSEMENTS.

THE industrial problem is still open, and the solution as difficult as ever. The Tariff bill has passed, and the strikes have subsided, but the causes of the depression in business have not been removed. The uncertainty that has characterized the political aspects of the subject for months past has had large influence with business men and done something to increase the embarrassment; but he cannot be regarded as either a wise or a dispassionate thinker, who looks upon the political side as the only serious feature of the situation. As the river is made up of many rivulets,

so the financial distress of the country must be regarded as the product of many contributing causes, one of which is undoubtedly the apprehended changes in the commercial policy of the government.

It is not the province of this editorial to enlarge upon political questions, and this will not be done, however strong the temptation may be in view of the superficial treatment these receive from the political press; but there are some points worthy of consideration which are not political, in any partisan sense, and which deserve the study of the business public, especially the religious portion of it.

Great changes have occurred in business methods within the last thirty years. Perhaps the most to be regretted of these appears in the development of ambition to do things on a large scale. Men are no longer content with moderate fortunes, and consequently they are unwilling to do business with reasonable capital and with moderate margins of profit. In looking through business centres and business circles one everywhere sees evidence of anxiety to enlarge. There must be great stores, great factories, great farms, great railroads, and great schools and colleges, so that anything that is not great has small chance for success. Merchants must have large capital, large houses, a long list of employees, heavy expenses for service and display, and launch out into almost every line of trade, or feel that they are left behind in the competitions of the times. They find it necessary to carry heavier stock than they deem prudent, and heavier expenses than their business sense would approve, because others do these things and they are compelled to keep up appearances. It has not been unusual for a firm having two or three hundred thousand dollars of capital to carry one and two millions in stock. This necessitates heavy expenses, large credits, the payment of much interest, with an amount of care and anxiety that taxes the nervous system to the utmost, often bringing premature prostration and death. The result of overstocking business houses is over-importations and over-productions, which inevitably in time must bring stagnation, with all the ills of panic and bankruptcy. The panic may be precipitated by political changes, but its primary cause is traceable to false methods and overdoing in almost every instance. It is never wise for business men to get in a condition where a slight reverse in trade will involve their enterprise in failure. Certain risks must be taken, and it does not belong to human wisdom to devise methods of business that will obviate all liability to losses; but it looks to be unnecessary for any one who wishes to be prudent, to hypothecate his means and credit to an extent that will exhaust his capital in the event of a failure of any allowable venture. But for an inordinate ambition this would seldom be done. It never can be done without a departure from Christian prudence and from that high sense of honor which every Christian man is presumed to possess. Whoever is entrusted with wealth is in duty bound to guard it from improper risks of loss in business ventures, or in the mazes and uncertainty of speculation.

The Methodist Church does not pronounce all bankruptcies dishonest, but she provides for investigations in such way as to strongly imply that the Methodist who falls in business places himself on the defensive, if not under suspicion, by the very act of failure. A more lively sense of the view of bankruptcy which the church takes, and which all Christians ought to take, will induce business men to hesitate before they take business risks which will even temporarily place their affairs beyond their control. A man's credit is a part of his capital, and he has the right to use it as he uses his money; but it is also a part of his character, too sacred to be thrown into the rush and flurry of trade, or to be handled as if it were simply worth the dollars it will bring in the market. A close observation has convinced thoughtful men that a very large per cent. of business failures may be traced to a use of the credit system which cannot be justified under any system of ethics approved in a Christian country. Most of them result from ventures inspired by an inordinate ambition for enlarged business and rapid gains. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare."

One of the greatest evils and the source of untold distresses and complications in business is the prevalent system of personal endorsements. It is unscriptural and in many ways hurtful to prudent and honest dealing. No one who has not studied it will suspect what a Pandora's box it is. Happy the day when the law shall invalidate all endorsements by one man of an-

other man's paper! If the bank has money to loan, let it loan it to persons whom it will trust; or if security must be had, let the borrower give it by pledging his property. Under the endorsing system the party having the money to loan, who gets paid for the use of it in the shape of interest, takes no risk; while the endorser, who lends his name without compensation, takes all the risk. If risk must be taken, it should be by the one who collects the interest. He is in the business for that purpose, and having the means can change his business when the risk becomes too great. It is scarcely possible to imagine a single legislative act that would so completely revolutionize business or so effectually eliminate so many evils. It might work occasional inconveniences, but seldom except where uncertain speculations were in contemplation. It would obstruct rash ventures and discommodate dishonest and rash adventurers; it would put a premium on honesty, and elevate character to the place it ought to occupy in business, rendering it next to impossible for the untrustworthy to gain position and power. In a word, there is no room to doubt that every result of such a law would be in the interest of honest trade.

It is perhaps not exceeding the facts when the assertion is made that more men come to financial ruin by endorsing for others than in any other way. The most distressing cases ever known have arisen from this cause. Every one knows how hard it is to refuse the use of one's name when it is such a common thing, and what a relief it would be if the law did not permit it, or would treat the personal endorsement as invalid! Honest men would find other means of procuring accommodations, and the reprehensible practice of exchanging endorsements would cease. In a hundred ways the business situation would be improved, wild-cat speculations would diminish, and personal credit would become as the gold of commerce. Business men on entering into partnerships bind one another in the partnership contract never to give personal endorsements. This shows that the evils of the practice are recognized; and certainly what is forbidden by prudent business men on prudent business principles might well be prohibited by wise and just legislation.

The Religious and the Secular Press.

WE have never presented in ZION'S HERALD anything more gratifying to us than the opinions grouped on the second page this week in our fifth Round Table Conference. Nothing like it has ever come to our attention. The press is the greatest leverage of influence in forming convictions in this modern and wonderful age. Religious and secular journalism should heartily co-operate in cultivating intelligent and conscientious opinions in the individual reader. The secular press does not deserve the criticism which is so generally visited upon it from various sources. Drs. Carroll and Clark point out this fact with characteristic discrimination and force. It has been our privilege to come close to the editorial management of our great dailies, and we gratefully bear testimony to the fact that it is their purpose to conserve the ends of justice and to help on all real reformatory and Christian work. Our readers will not fail to note the rare courtesy shown by Editors Clement, Ayres and O'Meara in hinting so delicately how the religious press may be improved.

Australasian Methodism.

THE Wesleyans have five Conferences in Australia. These hold a delegated General Conference once in three years. Of the seventh session of this representative body, held in Adelaide on May 10, we now have the Minutes. Besides items of interest usual in such a body, the current Minutes contain important action in regard to the consolidation of the different branches of the Methodist family in Australasia. "The General Conference of the Wesleyan Church," says a correspondent in the Independent, "which assembled last month (May), was, without doubt, the largest and most influential ecclesiastical gathering ever held south of the equator. It consisted of 150 persons. Half of them were ministers, either holding official positions or elected as representatives, and the other half were elected laymen. The latter were in nearly all cases men of affairs, about one-third being either magistrates or members of Parliament. They were freighted with a sense of importance for the interests of a church numbering more than 450,000 adherents, including its missions in their charge. The average ability of the Conference excited much favorable comment from outside observers, and it was in nothing more evident than in the way Methodist union was dealt with."

There are four separate bodies of Methodists in Australia—the Wesleyans, the Primitive Methodists, the United Methodists, and the Bible Christians. As early as 1881 there was a movement toward the unification of these bodies, inspired by the Ecumenical Conference. The sentiment in favor of union progressed slowly—even more slowly in the mother organization than in these minor Methodisms; there was evi-

dently a waiting for some decisive action by the Wesleyan Conference. This fact lent an importance to the session last spring. Fears were entertained to the last that the conservatism of the Wesleyans would delay action and perhaps secure the defeat of the movement. The friends of union hence came to the last session with trembling. But the Conference was fortunately composed of able and large-minded men, who comprehended the situation and took a long look into the future. The time was ripe, and the resolutions in favor of unification were jubilantly carried by a vote of 101 to 14. The president at once adjourned the Conference, and they all sang heartily, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The five resolutions re-affirmed the desirableness of union; gave the definition of the term; showed the authorization of each Annual Conference to effect a union within its own borders; appointed a standing committee on Methodist Union to represent the General Conference in the interval of its sessions; and finally constituted federal councils in each Conference to remove and prevent the occurrence of local difficulties. The result produced a jubilation throughout Australasian Methodism. The presidents of the several Methodisms sent letters of congratulation.

This action of the Wesleyan General Conference in reality settles the question of unification. The details are only questions of a little time. The Wesleyan body retains its name for the present on account of legal barriers, but it is understood that when the details are complete the united body will be known as the "Methodist Church of Australasia."

A Blatant Falsehood.

THE following letter was received last week by the publisher from a personal friend residing in one of the manufacturing cities in New England: "I was told last night by a party who spoke as if positive of his ground that there were two Roman Catholics on your editorial staff. I did not believe it at the time, but remembering my acquaintance with you, I venture to ask if any Roman Catholics are connected with the management of ZION'S HERALD in any way, and if so, in what capacity? Will you kindly give me a reply at your early convenience?" A cause which, in order to sustain itself, is obliged to resort to such blatant falsehood, is indeed in a desperate strait. There is not, and never has been, any Roman Catholic on the editorial staff of this paper. Wicked and willful misrepresentations of this kind form a staple part of the indiscriminate onslaught made upon the Roman Catholic Church. Our correspondent confers a kindness by giving us the opportunity to deny the groundless accusation.

Hon. N. P. Banks.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS, laborer, citizen, soldier, orator, political leader and statesman, was born in Waltham, Mass., Jan. 30, 1816, and died there, Sept. 1, 1894. Born in the ranks of labor, he became a cotton spinner, a machinist, a lawyer, a member and speaker of the Massachusetts House in 1851, a member of Congress in 1853 and speaker of the House in the 35th Congress, and in 1857 governor of Massachusetts. President Lincoln made him a major-general; and after the war he was sent again to represent his district in Congress.

General Banks was a man of great personal magnetism. He impressed those who came in contact with him, and was sure in a political contest to win the favor of the people. With a commanding voice and presence and a ready apprehension of the situation, he always knew how to say things to convince and carry his audience. He excelled as a presiding officer in a deliberative assembly. He possessed in perfection the two qualities indispensable in such a functionary—quickness of perception and imperturbable coolness. He was never confused in the wildness and intricacy of debate; he was never off his guard, never lost his perfect self-control or courtesy.

General Banks came up in a transition period between the old Whig rule of the optimates like Everett and Winthrop and the advancing columns of the people, in the antislavery struggle, under Wilson and Sumner. The Whig aristocracy had ruled the State for a long while; it had come to be taken for granted that none other had rights to the offices; but Wilson, Banks, Burlingame, Boutwell, Claflin and Sumner mounted the platform and elbowed the dignitaries completely off and retired them in perpetuity. The new men of the people, only one of whom had seen the inside of Harvard, became leaders in the period of war and reconstruction. Wilson and Claflin were born leaders; Sumner was the orator of scholars; while Banks and Boutwell knew how to address the people. Though the people's man, Banks had more dignity than the whole of them. As governor he understood the proprieties of all state occasions. He could speak with effect at a mass meeting and with equal propriety to the officers and students of Harvard College.

When governor he took much interest in military matters and endeavored to revive the old militia drill. It was supposed he possessed the elements of a military commander on account of the aptness, insight and coolness displayed in civil life; but in spite of it all he was a failure in the army. He moved with dignity, but without the insight or grip of a great soldier. In extenuation, we must remember that he started at a disadvantage. Few men ever succeed in great enterprises by beginning at the top of the lad-

der. If he had begun younger, as a private or a corporal, he might have ascended with honor to the topmost round. He certainly possessed great elements of character.

General Banks was a conspicuous example of self-help and self-culture. Whatever he became he made himself. Rising from indigence and obscurity, he ascended our highest platforms and remained for half a century one of the most striking figures in our American politics. He made his first public address—an address on temperance—in the Methodist Church at Waltham, and from the new church standing on the same spot he was buried on the 4th inst.

Personals.

—Rev. R. S. Storrs, D. D., of Brooklyn, was 72 years old on Aug. 21.

—Bishop Fitzgerald has appointed Rev. L. R. Bates, D. D., to Bromfield St. Church.

—Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the brilliant English author, is coming to America to lecture.

—Dr. William Nass, the venerable and revered founder of the *Christian Apologist*, is eighty-seven years of age.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Varley, the distinguished English evangelists, intend to sail from London for Australia in November.

—Rev. Dr. J. H. Hagerty, of St. Louis, is mentioned as a candidate for the grand chaplaincy of the Grand Army of the Republic.

—Cardinal Gibbons is going to Rome this fall, by request of the Pope, who desires to consult with him as to the policy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

—At a recent session of the Japan Conference Rev. H. B. Schwartz, M. D., was reappointed to Sendai. He was also appointed a member of the publishing committee.

—Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, of Chicago, called at this office last week on her way to Cottage City for a brief season of rest. It is her first visit to this delightful resort.

—John Tyler, Jr., son of a former President of the United States, still lives in an unpretentious house in New York, passing his declining days in poverty and paralytic pain.

—Rev. E. J. Helms and wife have been at North Woodstock, N. H., for a few days, enjoying a brief respite from the exacting demands made upon them at the Epworth Settlement.

—Dr. S. R. Alden has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church at May's Landing, N. Y., and he and his wife, the well-known author of the "Pansey" books, will remove there at once.

—Henry Wade Rogers, LL. D., president of Northwestern University, delivered an able and critical address at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association recently held at Saratoga.

—Rev. and Mrs. S. E. Quimby announce the marriage of their daughter, Mabel Allen, to Mr. Horatio Moore, on Tuesday, Aug. 28, at Rochester, N. H. The newly-married couple will reside in Kingston, Pa.

—Rev. Dr. Henry S. Lunn, editor of the *Review of the Churches*, is coming to America in November to attend the convention of the World's W. C. T. U. and to assist in organizing the temperance campaign around the world.

—Rev. James H. Haines, of Laconia, N. H., for many years a member of the New Hampshire Conference, and who withdrew from the Conference and established an independent church in that town, died, Aug. 28, of neuralgia of the heart.

—Gen. O. O. Howard, on his early retirement from the Army, will make his home in Burlington, Vt. He has already begun the erection of a dwelling. Capt. G. C. Howard, the General's son, is superintendent of Fort Ethan Allen, of that city.

—The *Outlook* says: "We shall not, perhaps, be accused of supporting anarchy and disorder when we say that Mr. Pullman's testimony does more to arouse sympathy for the striking workmen at Pullman than the claims and accusations of their own leaders."

—Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, eldest brother of the late Henry Ward Beecher, who lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., celebrated his 91st birthday on Tuesday, Aug. 28; and Mrs. Eunice White Beecher, widow of Henry Ward Beecher, was 82 years old, Sunday, Aug. 26.

—Rev. H. H. French, of Wesley Church, Minneapolis, is closing his fifth year with gratifying results. The illness mentioned in our columns recently was only temporary. He is in vigorous health, remaining with his church during the entire summer and taking no vacation.

—"From the commencement of my Christian life," writes Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, "I was led to feel that the promises were very real, and that prayer was in sober fact transacting business with God, whether on one's own behalf or on behalf of others."

—Two Sabbaths in August Rev. Frederick S. Parkhurst, of the Frank Street M. E. Church, Rochester, N. Y., occupied the pulpit of the Church of the Strangers, New York city, so long identified with the genial presence and the deep spiritual teachings of the late Dr. Charles F. Deems.

—This office was favored last week with calls from Prof. Charles Frederick Bradley, D. D., of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston; Rev. S. L. Bell, D. D., vice-chancellor of the American University at Washington; and Rev. Charles A. B. Heath, of Castleton, N. Y., brother of Rev. W. J. Heath, of Hyde Park.

—Miss Clara Virginia Cramer, who was a niece of General U. S. Grant, and daughter of Rev. Dr. M. J. Cramer, died at the residence of her parents in East Orange, N. J. She was 26 years old, and only recently returned from Paris. Zion's Herald proffers heartfelt sympathy in this great sorrow of Dr. Cramer and family.

—The Baptist of London says: "Dr. Larimer tells me that Dr. George F. Pentecost, now minister of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, was baptised by him along with forty others in the river Ohio. The day was one of the coldest in the cold season of America, and the ice had to be broken for the baptism."

—J. D. Homan, the son of Rev. Charles R. Homan, for twenty years an active member of the New Hampshire Conference, died at Concord, N. H., Aug. 9, leaving a wife, daughter, and an only surviving sister, Mrs. H. N. Newell, of that city. Though for many months a great sufferer, he died in the triumphs of the Christian's faith.

—The report that James Tissot, whose series of pictures on the life of Christ was the main attraction of the Champ de Mars Salon this year, is about to become a monk of La Grande Chartreuse, seems to be well founded. The painter practically lived the life of a recluse and ascetic during the seven years he was engaged on his work.

—Rev. George M. Steele, D. D., has been visiting his native State of Vermont, spending some very pleasant days at St. Johnsbury and Lake Morey in Fairlee, where he met Rev. Dr. T. P. Frost who summers there; he also visited Stratford and Woodstock. He has promised to tell our readers of his delightful and restful experiences.

—Mrs. Maria Ayres, mother of Rev. W. M. Ayres, of the New England Conference, died at her home in Weybridge, Vt., Aug. 19, aged 89 years, 7 months and 20 days. She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for fifty-eight years. A cheerful Christian spirit and an unwavering faith characterized her life to the very last.

—Of the charges made against Prof. Richard T. Ely that he had been giving utterance to socialistic and anarchistic views, the *Advance* says in its last issue: "Professor Ely comes off from the Madison investigation with flying colors, State Superintendent Wells suffering a complete collapse in his effort to prove the charges made in his famous letter to the Nation."

—Rev. C. S. H. Dunn, Ph. D., late editor of the *Southern California Christian Advocate*, died in London, England, Aug. 17. Dr. Dunn was a graduate from Illinois Wesleyan University in 1875, and moved from California to Burlington, Iowa, about two and a half years ago. About a year ago he was appointed pastor at Superior City, Wis. His wife and child are at present in Riverside, Cal.

—Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson says that the uniform use of the morning hours—say from eight o'clock till one o'clock—for purposes of study and intellectual work, has enabled him to accomplish all his preparations for public addresses, and to perform all his duties as an author and an editor, with scarce an instance, during forty years spent in study, of either mental or physical fatigue.

—Dr. S. F. Upham has for many years preached the opening and closing sermons at the Union Chapel, Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard. Last Sunday he conducted the services which closed the season's period of worship. Dr. Upham and family return to their home in Madison, N. J., this week. He leaves at once for a visit to the Ohio Conferences in the interest of Drew Theological Seminary.

—The *Northern* says: "It will interest many to learn that though the widow of Bishop Peck will be 87 years of age on Sept. 2, she is in as comfortable health as she has been at any time during the last five years. She has not been out of doors for three years, and is confined to her room, except as she is occasionally drawn in her chair into the room adjoining. Her mental faculties, her eyesight and her hearing are unimpaired."

—Rev. H. R. Haweis, in writing of the historian, John Richard Green, says: "He was a small, insignificant-looking little man, with screwed-up eyes, a satirical yet not ill-natured smile, a tall forehead, and straight but somewhat depressed nose. . . . When the cholera was raging in the East End of London he was devoted and indefatigable. We used to go into the London Hospital together in the morning, and rub the blackened limbs of the cholera patients, which seemed to give them relief. . . . Green was perfectly fearless."

—We are pained to receive the following announcement from Rev. W. B. Eldridge, of Monmouth, Me., under date of Sept. 1: "Rev. N. C. Clifford, of the Maine Conference, died at his home in Monmouth, Aug. 31, at 2 P. M., after a short and painful illness. Mr. Clifford was 72, and leaves a widow and six children—four in the West and two in Maine. Rev. H. A. Clifford, of Richmond, and Mrs. Abbie Gilman, of Berwick. Maine Methodism and the entire community sustain a great loss in the death of this 'man of God.' A full obituary will be sent later."

—One night, when pursued by savages, Dr. John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides, was obliged to climb into a tree for safety. He says: "The hours I spent there live all before me as if it were but yesterday. I heard the frequent discharging of muskets and the yells of the savages. Yet I sat there among the branches as safe as in the arms of Jesus! Never in all my sorrows did my Lord draw nearer to me, and speak more soothingly in my soul, than when the moonlight flickered among those chestnut leaves, and the night air played on my throbbing brow as I told all my heart to Jesus."

—Rev. Dr. Henry H. Clark, U. S. N., Chaplain at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., made a pleasant call at this office on Monday of the present week.

—Rev. Geo. B. Rogers, a recent graduate of Boston University, has accepted the principalship of the Dummer Academy located at South Byfield. This school is one of the oldest in the State, founded in 1783 as a preparatory school for boys.

—Speaking of the first graduates of a Methodist Episcopal Theological Seminary, the *Northern Christian Advocate* says: "Rev. John B. Foote, who was the first graduate, is yet living, and is a well-known member of the Central New York Conference. He joined the Black River Conference in 1851, and by change of boundaries became a member of the Central New York Conference on its organization in 1858. He was a delegate to the General Conference of 1864. He is now pastor at Sodus, and is president of the Central New York Conference Historical Society. He is the father of Prof. W. Y. Foote, of Syracuse, and of the gifted educator and writer, Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, professor of English Literature in the Chicago University."

—The many who are reading the spiritual volumes of Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, with so much interest and profit, will note with pleasure the allusion to him in last week's *Evangelist*: "Mr. Meyer is still in the prime of his manhood, his ministry having begun in 1869 in Liverpool as co-pastor with Rev. C. M. Birrell of Pembroke Chapel. His theological training had been acquired at the Regent's Park College, and he had taken his degree of B. A. at London University. Probably he would, if questioned, speak of another college from which his highest preparation for the ministry has been gained—the school of the Holy Spirit, whose tuition it has been his special work to commend to Christians. At all events, he has, by the ordering of God, become a teacher in that school, leading believers to see the vast importance of definite and constant submission to the Paraclete who has been sent to lead disciples into all truth."

Brieflets.

Labor Day, made national by Congress, was generally observed throughout the country. We are gratified to see such wise and general use of this holiday.

By overcoming we transform an evil into a good. The evil is chained so that it can do us no more harm, and new strength and wisdom are given for the work of life.

The *Interior* of August 30—the "Harvest Home" number—is superbly illustrated, and withal is one of the most attractive and able issues of a religious weekly that ever came to our table. But we wish Dr. Gray would not make it quite so hard to try to compete with his excellent work.

The fall of men is never sudden. There is first a silent history, a slow yielding of moral purpose, the indulgence of thought and desire, and then comes the tentative outward act and the fatal plunge into the abyss.

The *Springfield Republican* of August 30 has a very readable and somewhat facetious but very just editorial upon "The Departing Summer," which closes with these sentences: "There is no danger that the year 1894 will be soon forgotten. It stands by itself as the cruellest year of sunshine that a whole long generation has known."

The imagination is the painted chamber, in which a person sets up idol worship long before venturing to erect such an altar in the open light of day; but the indulgence of wrong tastes and tendencies in secret makes it easy to venture abroad in due time in open idolatry.

"Medical missions," says Dr. Pennell, "are the picture language of the church militant. The rudest and roughest, the simplest and most uneducated, can understand the language of Christian love, kindness and charity."

The *New York Observer* makes a very suggestive distinction in the following paragraph: "The incident is related of a clergyman who, when accosted with the remark, 'I hear you are going to preach for us next Sunday,' replied: 'No, I am not going to preach for you, but to you.' That is a discrimination with a profound difference. The minister is a messenger from God sent with a message which he is to deliver to the people."

If you would succeed in life, find your place in the ranks of the world's actors and then keep step with the column. To be out of place is to make life a worry, however hard you may work; to be idle in place is to hinder others without helping yourself.

Under the caption of "Booming a Religious Paper," one of the editors of the *New York Observer* writes in the last issue: "Rev. Calvin Yale was a minister in the early half of this century in New England and New York, of whom the church had no reason to be ashamed. He declared the whole counsel of God to men, and he made full proof of his ministry. He was fully abreast of his age, and did not hesitate to entertain religious and benevolent schemes because they were new. The Sabbath-school enlisted his warmest sympathies, and he heartily

co-operated with those who established the religious newspaper. It was his custom for years after the *New York Observer* was established, a paper in which he had a deep and abiding interest to the day of his death, to give notice from his pulpit when the time came around to renew subscriptions to the *Observer*. He would make a stirring address upon the value of this paper to the family, and its efficient aid to the cause of religion and the church of God, would urge all of his congregation to subscribe for it, and close by inviting them to send their subscriptions to him that the list might be forwarded at once. I have seen some of these lists, embracing a large part of the adult membership of his church. He continued to do this service for some years after I became connected with the *Observer*, and has now gone to his reward."

Assurance is given of unusually interesting and profitable seasons at our camp-meetings this summer. One reason for it is found in the fact that the resident ministers have attended the meetings and preached and sustained the services, and there has been no demand for "star preachers," as in past years.

Dr. Parker, of London, in a recent interview, is reported to have said: "I should be willing to admit all duly appointed women to an ecclesiastical assembly. I would not admit either men or women on the mere ground of sex. I would let everything stand on merit. If a woman can do the work, and is willing to do it, I would gladly let her do it."

Ohio Wesleyan University has just received for a new library the magnificent sum of \$50,000. The giver is Dr. Chas. E. Slocum, a leading physician of Defiance, Ohio. The Doctor is a graduate of the Fort Edwards Institute, and of the Jefferson Medical College. He attended the Ann Arbor Chemical Laboratory, and took as resident student his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania. The financial secretary, Dr. J. M. Barker, who has been largely instrumental in securing this gift, is now busy raising an endowment fund for the purchase of books. It is expected that steps will be taken for the immediate erection of the library, which will be a fire-proof building.

The *Pacific Methodist Advocate* speaks of "our young and handsome pastor," and we are led to wonder how much this new style of characterization is intended to convey. Is he a candidate for matrimonial honors? What does such language mean on the Pacific slope?

A novel experiment in the fight against the saloon is being tried at New Rochelle, N. Y. A large two story building has been hired and furnished at a cost of \$3,000, contributed mainly by the Christian people of the town. The ground floor is devoted to a refreshment room, in which tea, coffee, lemonade and sandwiches are sold at cost price; a reading room supplied with daily and weekly papers, and an amusement room, where there are appliances for chess, checkers, dominoes, etc. The upper floor is occupied by dormitories and shower baths. Here a man may get a bath, bed and breakfast, in perfect cleanliness and neatness, for thirty-five cents.

The Methodist New Connexion Pastoral refers to the importance of social questions as becoming more manifestly religious questions. "There is," it says, "a supreme need today to vitalize the political thought of the people with the ethical teaching of Christ, and to press the central saving truths of Christianity upon the hearts and consciences of men."

Bishops Foster and Andrews have arranged to exchange the Conferences to which each was assigned. Bishop Andrews will preside, therefore, as follows:—

Black Hills, Sept. 6	Sturgis, S. D.
N. W. Nebraska, Sept. 13	Chadron, Neb.
Nebraska, Sept. 19	Falls City, Neb.
W. Nebraska, Sept. 26	Omaha, Neb.
N. Nebraska, Oct. 4	Omaha, Neb.

And Bishop Foster will preside at those given below:—

W. Virginia, Sept. 13	Charleston, W. Va.
Pittsburg, Sept. 19	Sewickley, Pa.
Blue Ridge, Sept. 27	Concord, N. C.
No. Carolina, October 4	Oxford, N. C.
East Tennessee, Oct. 11	Greenville, Tenn.
Holston, Oct. 17	Johnson City, Tenn.

The West Virginia Conference is held in the church which was the first appointment of Bishop Foster fifty-seven years ago.

The editor of the *Arena* is responsible for the following significant paragraph: "Detroit has twenty-seven church military organizations, containing 651 men and 43 officers. The largest is the Baptist cadets, with sixty-six men and three officers. Then comes the Maybury cadets, an Episcopal organization, with sixty men, the First Congregational cadets with fifty-three, the first and last being armed with rifles. The Episcopalians have six companies, the Catholics eight, the Presbyterians seven, Baptists three, Congregationalists two, and Lutherans one. Thirteen of the companies are armed with rifles and one with swords. These, it must be remembered, are all church military companies, and have no connection with the civil societies of the state militia."

Dr. Pierson mentions a missionary who, when asked what led her to go to China, replied: "I had known Jesus as Saviour and Redeemer and Friend, but as soon as I knew him as Master and Lord, He said to me: 'Am I thy Master?—then, go to China!'" Some of us are afraid to say to Christ with a whole heart: "Master," lest He should say: "Go to China."

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER, LESSON XII.

Sunday, September 16.

John 4: 9-36.

Rev. W. O. Holway, U. S. N.

JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

I. Preliminary.

1. Golden Text: *Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.*—John 4: 14.
2. Date: A. D. 27, December.
3. Place: Samaria, at Jacob's well.
4. Connection: Our Lord's ministry in Judea; the Baptist's last and noblest testimony to the Sonship and Messiahship of Jesus; our Lord's retreat into Galilee.
5. Home Readings: Monday—John 4: 5-12, Tuesday—John 4: 13-26, Wednesday—John 4: 27-43, Thursday—Isa. 5: 1-7, Friday—John 7: 28-29, Saturday—Rev. 2: 1-7, Sunday—Rev. 2: 8-17.

II. Introductory.

A journey into Galilee with His disciples afforded an opportunity for some of the most precious teachings that ever fell from the lips of our Lord. They had reached the ancient well of Jacob, and being wearied with travel, Jesus reclined for rest while His followers went to the neighboring town to buy food. The footsteps of a Samaritan woman, carrying her empty water-jar to be filled at the well, aroused Him. It was not regarded as decorous for a rabbi to speak to a woman, while the mutual hatred and animosity between Jews and Samaritans forbade all intercourse; but Jesus was hampered by no rules or prejudices that stood in the way of His righteous mission, and, further, He was thirsty. He said to the woman, therefore, "Give Me to drink." The latter expressed her surprise that a Jew should condescend to speak to a Samaritan; but Jesus had a motive in His request, and had no inclination to discuss the question of race rivalries with her; so He replied, somewhat enigmatically, that the favor He had asked of her she would have asked of Him had she known "the gift of God," and whom she addressed; and He would not have trifled with her request, but would have given her "living water." Perplexed, the woman looked earnestly at the Stranger, and then at the well; evidently He had no cord and jar to draw with, and the "living water" glimmered far below, perhaps a hundred feet down. How could He, then, have granted her the favor if she had asked Him? She expressed her incredulity in words; and then, with a touch of sarcasm, she asked Him if He claimed superiority over "our father Jacob," who had dug the well with patient toil, and drank here with his cattle and children. Could this Stranger do better than that? Could He supply water by a miracle as Moses did? But Jesus promptly assured her that He was speaking of other water than that in the well below them—of a water which, unlike that, sates one's thirst forever; which requires no painful journeys, but is located within, a perennial fountain, "springing up unto eternal life." "Half in banter, half in earnest," the woman asked the Stranger to give her this water, and spare her the labor henceforth of coming and drawing from the well.

But before her request could be granted, before she could understand for what she asked, a preparation was needed. Jesus abruptly tells her to go for her husband. Conscience-stricken, the woman replies that she has none. Jesus does not spare her, though His words must have cut like a knife. She had had five husbands, He told her, and he with whom she was now living was not her husband. Yes, she had spoken truly, so far as her words went.

It was the woman's turn now to change the subject. She perceived that she was dealing with "a prophet," and one of extraordinary insight and wisdom. Waiving her personal history, she seized the opportunity for submitting the old vexed question as to the authorized place of worship—whether the Samaritan Gerizim, or the Judean Moriah. Would the Stranger tell her? Jesus was willing to reply to this, and to assure her that on this question the Jews were right. They knew whom they worshipped, whereas the Samaritans only imperfectly knew. But the matter of worship was not a question of places; the hour was already come when such questions were forever set aside. "God is a Spirit," and His true worshippers, limited to no place, bound to no ceremonial, would henceforth offer spiritual worship, for it was such worship that the Father looked for from human hearts.

The argument was too high, too revolutionary, for her. But she took refuge in that yearning hope which her race shared with the Jew. The Messiah will shortly

come, she murmured; He will settle all these questions for us. And lo! the Messiah was Himself talking with her, and she knew Him not till He revealed Himself.

III. Expository.

9. Then saith the woman of Samaria (R. V., "The Samaritan woman therefore saith")—in reply to our Lord's request, "Give Me to drink." How is it that thou being a Jew, etc.—She recognized Him instantly as Jewish by His Aramaic dialect; quite likely she suspected that He was a rabbi by His raiment and the tone of His address; but she cannot help expressing her wonder that a Jew should condescend to ask a favor of a Samaritan, and especially of a Samaritan woman. The Jews have no dealings, etc.—R. V. omits "the" before "Jews," and also before "Samaritans." The explanatory note accounts for the woman's reply.

It was the Jew who was the most positively hostile, and with some justice; for it was the Samaritan who was the mean and mendacious offender. His religious system was an imitation and a mockery of Judaism, and yet claiming to be the genuine reality. He first plagiarized the Jew, and then audaciously boasted of being the true original (Whedon).

10. Jesus answered—and in His answer waived both His own thirst and the national antipathy to which the woman had referred. Further, in His reply, He reverses the position and shows her that she has more need to come to Him than He has to ask of her. If thou knowest the gift of God—variously interpreted, as "the living water" shortly referred to; the singular opportunity which has just come to her; the person of Christ Himself, who is "the Gift unspeakable"; the Holy Spirit; eternal life (Rom. 6: 23); or, "more comprehensively, what the divine mercy has to give." Who it is that saith—thus piquing her curiosity, and at the same time putting her in a condition of inferiority and dependence upon Himself. Thou wouldst have asked of him.—Says the Cambridge Bible: "Spiritually our positions are reversed. It is thou who art weary, and footsore, and parched, close to the well, yet unable to drink; it is I that can give thee water from the well, and quench thy thirst forever." Living water—ambiguous, since either the bubbling water of a spring or well might be intended, or "the water of life."

11, 12. The woman saith . . . Sir.—The respectful title indicates a dawning perception of the Stranger's dignity and resources. Thou hast nothing to draw with . . . whence . . . that living water?—She is perplexed; she has probably never heard of the prophetic metaphor concerning "the living water"; her thoughts do not rise above the well, and she cannot understand how this pitiless traveler can get at the water nearly a hundred feet below. Art thou greater?—It flashes across the woman's mind that the extraordinary profession just made indicated that the Stranger might be a prophet in disguise; still, even then, he could not outrank Jacob; but she boldly, and perhaps with a dash of scorn, puts the question. Our father Jacob.—The Samaritans claimed to be the descendants of Joseph, and therefore of Jacob. Which gave us the well—a gift involving great labor and expense. And drank thereof . . . his children (R. V., "sons").—The water, therefore, besides its purity and goodness, had venerable associations. Did this weary Stranger profess to furnish anything superior?

13, 14. Whosoever drinketh—R. V., "Every one that drinketh." Shall thirst again.—Our Lord does not notice the woman's question, evinces no interest in the excellence of the water, disregards the allusion to Jacob; He occupies Himself with the spiritual lesson which He is about to impress. Jacob's well might contain "living water," but it did not satisfy the thirst, except for a brief time. Whosoever drinketh . . . shall never thirst—meaning, according to Trench, "shall never thirst for any other water save this living water which Christ imparts." The context, however, explains the meaning without resorting to such an interpretation. Shall be (R. V., "become") in him a well of water.—Hence, no need of making a weary journey to find it. The fountain shall be located in the believer's heart. Springing up into everlasting life (R. V., "unto eternal life").—Out of some hidden depth this Christ-given water will bubble up, a joyous, eternally-living stream, satisfying the deep needs of the soul, and enabling that soul to live because of it.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation" (Isa. 12: 3). "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall not hunger; and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst" (John 6: 35). "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." (Rev. 7: 16). "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely" (Rev. 21: 6). See also Isa. 55: 1; 49: 10.

15. Sir, give me this water that I thirst not neither come (R. V. supplies "all the way") hither.—Many commentators detect irony, or flippancy, in the woman's reply. It seems to us, rather, that she was earnest, but bewildered. As the Samaritans rejected all the Old Testament but the Pentateuch, the woman had not the clue which a knowledge of the prophets would have given her. This Stranger, whom she felt to be of a lofty, mysterious nature, had offered a "water" which should be satisfying, perennial, internal, eternal; she cannot comprehend what it can be, but she asks for it.

16. Jesus saith unto her.—To fit her to receive this "gift" the woman needs to be brought into a state of humility, confession and penitence. Jesus therefore gives to her a direction

which lays bare her heart. Call thy husband.—He knew well she had no legitimate husband. 17, 18. I have no husband—a literal truth, which may have been an attempted deception on her part, or a half-confession, according to the tone of her answer. Thou hast well said—R. V., "thou saidst well." I have no husband—better, "husband have I none," for the word "husband" is emphatic. Thou hast had five husbands.—Possibly all these were dead, but the customs of that age (and of the present, according to Van Lennep, among Jews and Mussulmans) permitted frequent divorces. Not thy husband.—Unflinchingly, but kindly, Jesus brings this accusation of guilt. No wonder that such an impression was made upon her that she afterwards declared that Jesus had told her all things that she ever did.

19, 20. I perceive that thou art a prophet—a deduction from His knowledge of the secrets of her life. Our fathers worshipped.—Waiving the personal matter of her own guilt, she seizes the rare opportunity of putting to this extraordinary Person the question at issue between Jew and Samaritan, "the root of the savage animosity with which they treated each other." In this mountain—Gerizim; where, according to Samaritan belief, Adam was formed out of the dust; where the ark rested after the flood; where Abraham offered up Isaac; where Jacob slept and saw the ladder of light; and where Joshua uttered the blessings. Ye say—ye Jews. Jerusalem is the place.—She suggests rather than inquires.

21. Woman . . . the hour cometh.—In the providential unfolding of human history every event has its "hour." Neither in this mountain, etc.—There is no place that will be regarded as the place in that coming hour when spiritual worship shall be inaugurated. Every place will then be sacred. Worship the Father.—With remarkable persistency Jesus presents, as well as reveals, God as the Father.

22. Ye worship ye know not what, etc.—R. V., "Ye worship that which ye know not; we worship that which we know; for salvation is from the Jews." He does not waive the question utterly; He settles it so far as the Jewish claim went, to possess the true oracles and fountain of salvation. The Samaritans had confined themselves only to the Pentateuch, and had distorted even that for purposes of their own; hence their knowledge of God was imperfect. The Jews, on the other hand, had enjoyed a fuller and more recent revelation, and Mt. Zion had been divinely selected as the place where Jehovah would put His name. Salvation is of (R. V., "from") the Jews.—The Saviour of mankind, and the whole redemptive scheme, issued from the Jews, whose religion in a long succession of types and ceremonials prepared the way.

23. Hour cometh and now is—the hour before alluded to. It has already struck. The question of locality is forever put aside. True worshippers—genuine, not hypocritical. Shall worship . . . in spirit . . . truth—the sincere worship of the heart, a worship not dependent upon places or ceremonials. For the Father seeketh such, etc.—R. V., "For such doth the Father seek to be His worshippers." His eyes "run to and fro throughout the whole earth" to find such worshippers.

24. God is a Spirit—a truth well known to the Jews, but here made emphatic in the Greek, which also omits the article before "Spirit"—literally, "Spirit is God," referring to His divine essence rather than to His personality. They that worship Him must worship, etc.—This does not dispense with forms; it only subordinates them. In the nature of things pure spirit can only be reached in worship by spirit, which may adopt a form, or may not voice itself at all.

"God is spirit; "God is light;" and "God is love," all from the pen of John, are the briefest and profoundest definitions concerning the nature of God which can be found anywhere (Schaff).

25. I know that Messiah (R. V., "Messiah") cometh.—The teaching of Jesus perplexes the woman; perhaps she felt it had reached too high a range for her to follow; perhaps she suspected that the Stranger Himself, who talked as no rabbi ever talked, and who read the secrets of her life as an open page, might be the expected One. "The Samaritans expected the Messiah of old, and they expect Him to this day" (Lange). He will tell us (R. V., "declare unto us") all things.—Her idea of the Messiah was not the Jewish one—that of a conqueror—but one borrowed probably from Deut. 18: 15, a divine teacher or law-giver like Moses.

26. I . . . am he.—He could not make this revelation in Judea, lest His followers, steeped in their political notions, should forcibly raise Him to the throne of David. They could not receive Him as the spiritual King and Priest, but this woman could. Her mind was receptive.

His birth had been first revealed by night to a few unknown and ignorant shepherds; the first full, clear announcement by Himself of His own Messiahship was made by a well-to-do, single, obscure Samaritan woman. And to this poor, sinful, ignorant stranger had been uttered words of immortal significance, to which all future ages would listen, as it were, with hushed breath and on their knees (Farrar).

IV. Inferential.

1. "Be instant in season, out of season."

2. God cares for individuals, and for sinful individuals, too.

3. A spiritual mind draws illustrations of divine truth from the commonest objects and employments.

4. In dealing with a soul, objections founded upon mere prejudice may be quietly ignored.

5. To partly veil truth is an excellent way to stimulate curiosity and ardor.

6. Christ within is an unfailing source of true life and satisfaction.

7. Before Christ can be received within, there must be a revelation of one's sinful state and a spiritual cleansing.

8. A rebuke may be very severe and yet very gentle.

9. The only temple required for acceptable service is a devout heart.

10. To those who long for Christ He will reveal Himself.

V. Illustrative.

1. Imagine a Jewish rabbi setting about the work of trying to convert this woman, having learned her story from gossip, and without knowledge of her real wants or sympathy with her better thoughts. He might begin thus: "Woman, you are a vile sinner, on the road to hell; you are living in shame; if you don't repent, you will be damned. I warn you of your evil ways. You ought to seek the salvation of your soul." And some, with some devil still in their hearts, would have dwelt with overmuch of detail upon the peculiarities of her special case, and would have talked with prurient curiosity about her history, with her former husbands, and with this man not her husband. Her heart would close, and ought to close, to such a rabbi. Jesus knew, at the outset, all about the woman; but He does not begin the conversation with any reference to her present mode of life. He does not seek to break her down, but to build her up. He seeks to awaken in her heart a consciousness of a want—a want of something better than she had ever had; above all, a life better than she had ever known (A. G. Haygood).

2. We have seen but one pictured representation which answered to our ideal of the face and figure of Jesus. It was the work of an Italian master, and represented Christ talking to the woman of Samaria. It was a picture which might have converted a soul. There sat the wearied Saviour by the well-side, His eyes full of a far look of love and sorrow, as if He saw the whole degraded species in the one sinner before Him, and His hand half open as if it held in it "the living water;" the woman listening with downcast looks, and tears trickling down her cheeks; her pitcher resting on the mouth of the well; and behind her, seen in the distance, the sunny sky and glowing mountains of Palestine. But in the noble figure and the ethereal grandeur of His countenance, you saw that the gentleness was not that of woman, nor even that of man; it was the gentleness of Him whose "dwelling is with the humble and the contrite in spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and the heart of the contrite ones" (Gilliland).



Mr. John Batley

All Run Down

In health and strength after the grip.—I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Half a bottle gave me good sleep and toned my nerves, my cough ceased and I gradually gained flesh. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a well man. It hits the right spot. JOHN BAILY, Broker, 408 Chelmsford Street, Lowell, Mass.

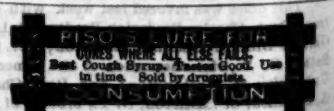
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A NIGHT IN INDIA.

BURIED in the very centre and heart of India there is a little station called Narsinghpur. It is little because no European lives there, except the officials who are obliged to do so and three or four missionaries. But the native town is of some size, and the district is fertile and populous. It is as typical as anything can be, for there are hundreds and hundreds just like it all over India. Life in these stations is really Anglo-Indian life. Here we do really live among the natives, the officials carry on their business entirely in Hindustani, we speak in their manners and customs without knowing it, and we see a side of life wholly unknown to the visitors who spend four months in the large cities, where every native strives to be more English than his rulers. Narsinghpur happened to be on one of the great railway lines, and to show how utterly isolated we felt, I need only mention that we constantly drove to the railway station on the day the English mail passed just to look into the carriage and see perhaps two or three white faces. The train stopped ten minutes, and we might have the rare treat of seeing an acquaintance; but any English folks were a welcome sight, and satisfied for a moment our hungry longing for intercourse with our fellows. Now that I rub against hundreds daily in the streets, and am even beginning to think there are sometimes too many of them, I often remember with deep pity those who are living now in Narsinghpur, and who very likely are taking the same weekly drive to get that poor ten minutes' consolation for their starved brains.

But this is not what I intended to describe, only there is so much to tell of every aspect of Indian life that I see, unless I take some short cut I shall tire your patience before I even begin. So I will plunge into it without delay.

Through the Narsinghpur district runs a river called the Nerbudda. This is held to be a sacred stream—not, of course, to such an extent as the holy Ganges, but still sufficiently so to attract pilgrims to a certain convenient spot known as Birman. Now when pilgrims journey to a river they naturally want to bathe in it; that, indeed, is their object, and how they can bathe so often and yet remain so dirty is a problem I have often pondered over. But I cannot go into that question now, it is too vast. These pilgrimages are mostly undertaken in the cold weather, because the river is then shallow and slow, and nobody gets drowned unless they are more than usually perverse. Also when the river is low, great tracts of sand are dry on either side of the water, and on these the pilgrims can conveniently camp. Accordingly, each year, about the middle of December, there flock to Birman fully 200,000 people. These are not all pilgrims pure and simple, because even the most religious pilgrim requires to be fed and clothed; he needs all manner of tinsel trumperies to deck his children, his wife, and his gods. Besides, he must have plenty of sweetmeats, dreadful mawkish compounds of butter and milk and sugar, flavored with spice—he needs these to make merry with, when all the abluitions are happily over for the year, and every god has been properly propitiated. Further, he wants no end of oil to keep all his little lamps (religious and domestic) going. It is curious to note how kerosene and matches are used in the remotest Indian village. In order to provide him with these, and several hundred other things which I cannot now remember, a perfect army of grain-sellers, leather-workers, water-carriers, jewelers, and, in short, men of every trade that have the remotest hope of making anything out of the pilgrims, all crowd to the spot. Round the edge of this vast heterogeneous mass there hangs a long fringe of beggars. At the head of this fringe are the Brahmins; those boldly claim and obtain charity as a right. Next come those who beg merely because that is easier than working, and less dangerous than stealing. After them come a host of decrepit, blind, diseased and deformed folk, whose dreadful sores and pitiable malformations earn them as good or a better living than the able-bodied and industrious are often able to obtain. Last of all come the lepers, and these indeed are miserable objects. Often have I dropped a coin into a hand that was a mere stump, all the fingers having decayed away. All these are willingly fed and supported by the pilgrims and the traders. For India is a country where charity is carried far over the verge of imbecility; to give to the lazy loafer or the fat Brahmin is quite as meritorious as to help the sick but industrious artisan, or to add a trifling comfort to cheer the wretched leper or helpless cripple. No questions are asked; you need but squat by the roadside in some frequented place, spread a filthy cloth in front of you, and hold out a hand to passers-by, to insure a maintenance for life. Charity is not given to relieve distress in others, but to smooth the donor's path to heaven.

Our two hundred thousand people are now collected in the bed of the Nerbudda. The district officials have done what they can to preserve order, ensure sanitation, and keep up necessary supplies. For the first, the people themselves are so orderly and peaceable that little requires to be done. The second is so utterly hopeless that little can be done. The third is done by the immemorial custom of local traders.

Each family brings with it a minute tent about the size of a tablecloth; a few minutes' search in the jungle near by will produce a suitable stick to support it; and a Hindu family is now comfortably housed for the next ten days. Is he a pilgrim, then, no more is needed. The tent gives the seclusion so dear to his wife, and so necessary for her comfort and well-being.

For himself the cloudless sky and clear sunshine are enough; the river supplies his bath and drink, from the nearest grain-seller he buys a handful of food when he is hungry, a stroll through the fair is all the diversion he requires, and the temple and plenty of priests are at hand to assist his devotions. He is disposed of, and need not be again considered. If, however, he is not a pilgrim, but a trader, the case is different. A larger tent must be erected in order to keep his wares under cover; of this, a small corner must be partitioned off for his wife. At the door a little awning supported on two sticks is set up, and beneath this samples of his goods are displayed. Each night he buries his money in the earth and sleeps on it, thus taking advantage of Nature's own strong room, where she also keeps her valuables.

When most of the people were assembled it became my husband's duty to go to Birman and stay there during the fair time, to keep order and see that all things were properly carried on. Accordingly, one morning we went on some of our camels with tents, furniture, and bedding; it was but a day's march on a rather bad road. In the afternoon I started the rest of our camels, with our table appointments, dinner, and servants. Then we rode out ourselves. Of course we easily passed our second set of slow laborious camels, and we noticed with some dismay that the road, owing to late rains, was very heavy and almost impassable for the laden clumsy camels, and we wondered when they would arrive. We exhorted the servants to get on as fast as they could, and they of course assured us that dinner would be ready at the exact minute at which I had ordered it. I felt very doubtful of this, but we ourselves could do nothing to help, so we cantered on and left the struggling camels slipping about in the thick mud, and hoped for the best. Presently we arrived hot and tired at our camp, and were thankful to find our tents ready and that the bedding was dry. The tents had been pitched under a group of trees on the top of the high bank overlooking the river. We could look down on the fair in full swing just beneath us. It was a picturesque sight. The great stretches of barren sand were covered with long lines of the tiniest tents from the water's edge to where the banks rose steeply on either side. The river flowed placidly amongst them, and a temporary bridge had been constructed; the evening meal was being cooked, and a thin thread of blue smoke rose slowly from each little doll's tent and formed itself into a cloud overhead; the acrid smell of the burning cow-dung with which these unfastidious people cook their rice and ghee penetrated even as high as where we stood. Streams of men and women passed to and fro, bringing water from the river and wood from the jungle. Vendors of sweetmeats shouted out the excellent qualities of their wares, water-carriers pushed their bullocks through the crowd, those who had arrived late were wrangling for places, indignant because the best were already taken and their occupants had no intention of moving. In one place a group of camels was looking on with supercilious disgust, their vicious, dispirited countenances and ragged out-at-elbows coats reminding one strongly of the loafers to be seen outside every public-house, while their strong yellow teeth were ready for any unsuspecting person who came within reach. In another corner a philosophic elephant could be seen contentedly swinging his hind leg, and keeping a watchful eye on the mahout cooking a huge pile of chupatties for his lordship's supper. If the mahout steals one for his own meal, or takes a little of the ghee or sugar, the elephant is fully aware of it, and is sure to pay him out sooner or later. Every now and then a howl like some wild beast rises from the thickest of the throng, and presently the producer of this cry comes into view. It is a jogi, and a more loathsome and disgusting object it would be hard to conceive, naked from head to foot, unless the ashes with which he is smeared all over can be considered as a covering—filthy to the last degree. With matted hair hanging down his back, in his hand he carries a stick with a bell attached, and this he strikes to attract attention as again and again he gives the wild howl that first caught our ear. It is the name of some god to whom his life is devoted, and his self-imposed duty is to utter this name so many thousand times daily. The women crowd round him and touch his feet reverently, any grain-seller will be proud to give him as much food as he will take, but to the end of his life this miserable wretch will live shelterless under the burning sun and through bitter, freezing nights, unclothed, starving, scoring even the commonest comforts, without intercourse with his kind, and all that the name of Shiva may be heard in the land and due glory given to him. In the next world will there be any reward for such complete abnegation, the more pitiful, surely, that to us it seems so entirely thrown away? Many others of that fraternity are in the fair. They lie on spike beds, they swing head downwards over fires, they stand all night in the river. All these I have seen, and deeply pondered over. These men are not fools or imbeciles, they do it of set purpose to glorify God and win heaven; and how strong must that purpose and their wills be who can endure such things for all the years of a long life!

Now the darkness is closing down, and ominous black clouds are gathering on all sides. We are going to have a storm—oh! may it be no more than that for the sake of these many thousands with nothing but a cotton cloth between them and the weather. We begin to feel considerable anxiety about that faithfully promised dinner. We send a man to reconnoitre. He reports that the camels are inviolable.

This is bad news, for we are hungry and tired and to go to bed dinnerless is a gloomy prospect. We wait another hour, but the situation remains the same. At last we determine to turn in, and hope that sleep will stand in the place of food. At this juncture, however, a polite native official arrives in the camp, and says he has heard of our difficulty and would have come earlier but he thought our own things might arrive; as this is now hopeless, will we honor him by accepting some food that his wife has prepared expressly for us? It is of the simplest kind, he urges, otherwise he knows we would not take it. We graciously accept, and indeed are glad to get food of any sort. It consists of chupatties, quite hot, and nice enough if you can forget the amount of handling required in their making; then there is boiled milk in a brass lotah. It is very difficult for English lips to drink out of a lotah; the fluid either comes out in one flood or else dribbles down the sides of the vessel. In either case it goes everywhere except into your mouth; and when this difficulty had been partially overcome, I found the smoke of the fuel I mentioned before had flavored the milk so strongly that a very little was enough for me. Also I felt rather foolishly resentful of the fact that that polite official would the next morning give away that lotah to some man of the lowest caste. He would never use it again now that it had been polluted by our touch.

Having satisfied our hunger, we went to bed. By this time it was pouring in torrents, and the wind was rising and tossing wildly the great trees beneath which we were camped. I felt deeply sorry for the poor folk down in the bed of the river. In ten minutes there could not have been a dry thread among them, and fires would be out of the question. But to help them was impossible, and we felt doubtful as to the security of our own tents. We slept, perhaps, three hours and the rain came down steadily in sheets. Then we were awakened by a loud crash, followed by a wild jabbering from the servants and sentries. We jumped out of bed into two inches of water; this I found very cooling, and promptly got in again, felt for the matches and struck a light. A stream of water was running through the tent, and my husband was paddling about in it trying to rescue his boots. Having placed these in comparative safety, he went outside to see what all the row was about. It was the other tent falling that caused the crash, and it lay in ruins, with all the furniture buried under it. Nothing could be done in the way of restoration in the darkness, rain, and wind, so he told the natives to leave off chattering and come back to bed. Further sleep was impossible, and we lay listening to the howling wind and the swish of the rain against our canvas roof, and wondered how long this tent would hold up, and which way the pole would fall when it came down. That we felt to be a rather important point, as it is undesirable to be beneath a tent-pole when it comes down. Presently it becomes apparent that some excitement is going on in the fair. A deep hum rises up where an hour ago was dead silence, excited voices can be heard above the din, and now and then a woman's shriek or the cry of a frightened child. What can be happening? My husband says he must go and see, and I try to dissuade him from venturing again into the wet and cold. "You will get wet through for nothing," I urge. At this moment a terrified voice outside is heard calling these ominous words, "Bahib, bahib, the river is rising!"

My husband is out of bed and out of the tent before I can speak a word. The next instant I huddle on some clothes and rush out too, and peer over the bank at the wild scene below. The wind is dropping, the moon is struggling

through ragged clouds; below all is ripe for a panic rush, and if that takes place God help the women and children, the sick and the old! Anxiously I question the trembling servants. "Memsahib, it is true," they say; "many tents are already flooded." I am seized with despair. In India vast tracts of country may be flooded in a few hours, and the people below are doing nothing but shriek and sob and embrace each other. To get all of them up the banks in time is hopeless. Women are there with babies a few hours old; many are sick and helpless, and their vast number makes it impossible to deal with them in the darkness. Dogs bark, camels groan, the elephant sends out his shrill trumpet, everybody talks at once, and the thunder of voices from that huge, terrified crowd, as they sway and surge about, drowns even the voice of the angry river. Trembling with fright and pity, I stand and watch them and long for the dawn. Will it never come? When I can no longer bear the suspense, I send down a man for news, and he brings back the comforting assurance that the river is rising no longer, and now that the Bahib is there the people are less frightened. This is good hearing, as panic is even a greater source of danger than the river itself. As the man is telling me this I feel a new flavor in the air, and instinctively turn to the east. With a joy as great as that of the most ardent fire-worshiper, I see a pale gray light there. Thank heaven this dreadful night is over. Instantly the teeming jungle life responds to the sun's message. The tiger, with blood still dripping from his jaws, is now skulking home; the jackal and hyena are already wrangling over the remains of his victim. From the ruined wall the dove sends forth her endless crooning lament, an impudent hoopoe runs across the camp in search of the earliest and most imprudent worm, mynas resume their gossip, and overhead in the papal tree the parrots are bestirring themselves and croaking gently to their wives that it is time to see to the breakfast. The shrill scream of the peafowl comes clearly from the opposite bank. A monkey with a baby firmly clutching her drops almost at my feet, and, seizing a forgotten banana, is up again in the topmost branch before one can exclaim at her audacity. By now a long finger of light has pierced the heavens, and almost immediately the great, red rim heaves up, and I stand facing that alternate curse and blessing, the sun of India. I see my husband toiling up the little, zigzag path, and so I feel sure that the danger is now over. I am returning to the tent, wet and weary, but so thankful that matters are no worse. Before I reach it, I hear a well-known sound, or rather combination of sounds—the whack of a stick, the groan of a camel, and the curse of its driver. These must mean that our long-delayed servants are at hand, and, as I turn to look, the first of the long string of ungainly beasts comes slouching into the camp, and with groanings that cannot be uttered, flops down on its knees to have its load removed. The servants begin voluble apologies and explanations, but I am too tired to listen, and leave them there chattering, merely remarking that somebody had better be quick with some tea, as the Bahib will be back in a minute and then there will be a row. They depart, and we throw ourselves down for an hour's rest, if possible, before the duties of the day begin.

By the evening everything is in order again, everybody has got dry, the tents are standing once more. The fair is in full swing, laughter is heard instead of shrieks, and the careless people have forgotten their fright already. The episode is over, no one is the worse, and we are hoping never again to pass another night in such circumstances.—MRS. S. C. LOGAN, in *Nineteenth Century*.

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The Conferences.

New England Conference.

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—The sessions were resumed last Monday after two months' intermission. Dr. Chas. F. Rice presided, and Rev. C. E. Spaulding conducted devotional exercises. The session was very brief. Next Monday a memorial service for Dr. Rogers and Rev. Henry Matthews will be held. Drs. Ela and Lindsay will speak in memory of Dr. Rogers, and Rev. G. Beekman and Dr. Eaton for Mr. Matthews. Service begins promptly at 10.45 A. M.

Boston South District.

Boston, Bromfield St.—Dr. Bates began his pastorate last Sunday, preaching a powerful sermon from the text, "The acceptable year of the Lord."

Boston, People's Temple.—Dr. Brady occupied his pulpit last Sunday for the first time since his return from a vacation trip. He preached to large audiences.

Egleston Square.—The primary department of this church, under the lead of Mrs. Thomas, planned and executed a very happy surprise for the pastor, Rev. J. R. Cushing, and wife, on last Sabbath—the first since their return from a month's vacation. The vestries were beautifully decorated with flowers, vines and mottoes, conspicuous among the latter being one reading "Welcome Home." Mrs. Cushing is superintendent of the primary department.

Plainville.—Rev. C. T. Erickson, pastor, holds a two weeks' series of tabernacle services. The church is actively in earnest for the salvation of the people. Ministers from Providence and Boston are helping in the work.

West Quincy.—Three times recently services for the Finns have been held in this church with an attendance of about fifty persons. Rev. E. W. Virgin, pastor.

Boston North District.

Leominster.—Rev. C. H. Talmage, pastor, is holding special services four nights a week. He preaches to deeply interested congregations that manifest much spiritual vigor. The Sunday audiences are filling the large church.

Somerville, First Church.—Dr. Geo. F. Eaton, presiding elder, visited this church, Aug. 26, and preached an able sermon, which the large congregation thoroughly enjoyed.

Watertown.—The new Methodist church building in Watertown is now well begun and rapidly progressing. The contract was awarded to A. B. Murdoch, of Milford. The foundations are now in, and the construction of the walls begun. The church is to be built of Milford granite with brown-stone trimmings. The location on Mt. Auburn St. is probably the finest in the town. The building will have a main auditorium with a seating capacity of about 500; a vestry, with adjoining parlors and class-rooms, to seat about 300; a primary department room above the vestry, and a social room with kitchen below. The enterprise is in the hands of an especially able building committee, with A. F. Hayes, of Watertown, as architect. The contract calls for the completion of the building on June 1, 1895. The structure will be an ornament to the town and a credit to local church enterprise. Many friends outside of the church itself and from the other denominations are contributing generously toward the building fund. The total expense is expected to be about \$35,000. Rev. C. A. Littlefield, pastor.

Boston East District.

Malden, Belmont Church.—Rev. Geo. H. Clarke, pastor, received 10 persons into the church from probation last Sunday morning.

East Cambridge, Trinity.—Rev. C. E. Spaulding, pastor, speaks encouragingly of his field and his prospects. A Swedish service, attended by about twenty-five persons, is held regularly.

Reading.—This church grieves over the death of Mrs. Abbie L. Cummings, widow of Horace L. Cummings. Her life was one of unusual beauty and dignity. A grace of person well befitting a character refined and Christian. She leaves a family of adult children who keenly mourn a beloved mother. Her age was 63 years.

Wakefield.—The church here, under the pastoral care of Rev. A. H. Herri k, is prospering spiritually, and, as a natural consequence, is enjoying financial prosperity. Despite the hard times, the receipts are much larger than a year ago. The average attendance at the larger of the two class-meetings is about seventy. The class-meetings and prayer-meetings are seasons of spiritual refreshing, and a goodly company waits upon the ministry of the Word. There are about 125 probationers in this church. On Wednesday evening, Aug. 29, a large company of these assembled at the parsonage, and through their spokesman, Mr. W. E. Oxley, presented to Mr. Herri k a costly and beautifully bound volume of Graham's "Standard Phonographic Dictionary." Mr. Herri k has been for many years a lover and student of the phonographic art, and this gift will be highly prized. Mrs. Herri k received an elegant "Boston rocker." The gifts will doubtless be highly valued; and to the pastor and his wife the love and appreciation evidenced by them will be worth vastly more than the intrinsic value of any gift.

Sterling Camp-meeting.—Rarely have circumstances been more favorable for a successful meeting at Sterling than this year. Monday, the opening day, was given up to the Epworth League, and three districts were well represented by delegates and speakers. Short papers were presented on the different departments of work, and it was surprising how many excellent suggestions could be crowded into a three-minute paper or address. Mrs. Annie E. Bailey awakened new interest in the Junior League by her remarks, and Judge L. E. Hitchcock made a telling speech on "Our Church a Power in the Land." In the afternoon Dr. Henry Tuckley, of Springfield, gave a most excellent address on "The Epworth League in Society." Rev. C. A. Littlefield manifested his usual ability in answering difficult questions, and proved by his assertion as well as his replies that there was no necessity of appeal from his decisions.

The new Epworth League Hall was dedicated at 4 o'clock. The address of dedication was delivered by Rev. Geo. S. Butters on "A Living Temple." Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, followed this with a most happy and successful effort to clear the building of all indebtedness. It took only a few moments to get sufficient pledges for the entire amount, and then the formal dedicatory services were conducted by Presiding Elder Geo. F. Eaton. The afternoon session closed with a hearty doxology, warm hand-shaking and fraternal congratulations.

Rev. J. F. Kennedy conducted a most inspir-

ing aspiration service at 7 o'clock, and then Dr. L. B. Bates preached to us on "The Baptism of the Spirit." Nearly all went forward to the straw for the after-service, and the elder reminded us that the camp-meeting had commenced in good earnest. It was indeed an auspicious opening, and it means a good deal to say that the interest did not wane. Dr. Eaton was a good leader and stirred up the workers to active participation in the different exercises. Surely no preacher could feel slighted, such care was taken to see that each had some important duty assigned to him, for to keep the ministers good-natured at camp-meeting is not the easiest task of a presiding officer. A prominent layman said to the writer that the preaching was better than usual; but it certainly was simple, direct and earnest, and was effective in apparent results. It started with Rev. E. A. Smith's sermon on "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today, and forever," and had a fitting conclusion in the sermon by Rev. Dr. Mudge on "The Heavenly Crown." The other preachers in their order were: Revs. Hugh Montgomery, J. P. Kennedy, G. S. Butters, C. E. Davis, Luther Freeman, J. D. Pickles, D. H. Ela, C. H. Talmage and S. L. Gracey. The six o'clock morning meetings were largely attended and were conducted by Revs. A. J. Hall, W. A. Thurston, S. H. Noon, and A. W. Baird. The League meetings in the Epworth Hall were characterized by earnestness and power. The tent and house meetings were well sustained, and in some quite remarkable interest was manifested, notably at the Waltham house and at the Grace, Worcester, and Oakdale tents. The music was an interesting and attractive feature. Bro. Wm. C. Cushman, chorister at St. Paul's, Lowell, held the baton and kept the choir and the congregation together. The solo singing of Mrs. Cushman, of Boston, and Miss Effie Houghton, of Lunenburg, was much enjoyed. Rev. H. P. Walker was in his place at the organ, and with the assistance of the Highland Orchestra of Lowell attended to the instrumental part of the musical exercises. There were cases of genuine conversion, and a cloud of witnesses testified to great blessings during the progress of the meeting. There were many earnest workers whose labors should not pass unnoticed in the record of this meeting. You would find them at all the services and at the altar, and in the congregation they were obedient to any suggestion. Among the many we noticed earnestly seeking to bring souls to Christ we mention the names of Sister S. B. Sisson and Bro. Murphy of Worcester.

In spite of the dry weather the attendance was the largest for some years, and on Wednesday and Thursday there were more unconverted people present than has been the case for a few years past. Perhaps a few suggestions would not be out of place. The meeting next year ought to be much better advertised. I am afraid that our presiding elder was somewhat embarrassed that there were not more of the preachers present. The ministers can do a good deal to awaken new interest in this grand old camp-ground. It would also be well to get the workers more thoroughly organized, so that by systematic effort the many opportunities for effective service may be faithfully improved.

Geo. S. Butters.

Springfield District.

Gardner.—Rev. Geo. E. Chapman, a superannuated member of the New England Conference, has been ill during most of the summer. As he is over 80 years of age, he does not quickly rally. Rev. W. Silverthorne writes that Mr. Chapman is somewhat more comfortable.

Warren.—Rev. Wm. Burt D. D., of Rome, Italy, preached in the M. E. Church in this place, his old home, both morning and evening, Sunday, Aug. 29. Two large and appreciative audiences greeted their old friend and were deeply interested as they listened to his inspiring discourses. The contract has been given for the new parsonage, and the house is well under way. It will be ready for occupancy about the first of November. Rev. H. B. King, pastor.

N. E. Southern Conference.

Providence District.

Many of our preachers have been busy during the vacation season in various kinds of Christian work. Revs. C. M. Meiden, of Brockton, and George E. Brightman, of Attleboro, were preachers at the Yarmouth Camp-meeting. Revs. J. H. Allen, of Phenix, J. F. Cooper, of the Broadway Church, Providence, H. B. Cady, of Newport, and C. M. Meiden were speakers at the Bible Conference which preceded the annual camp-meeting at Wiltamantic, Conn. The efforts of these brethren were highly appreciated by the audiences that were permitted to hear them.

A grand union service of the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches was held the last Sunday evening in August in the United Congregational Church in Newport, in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association, whose twenty-ninth anniversary

was thus celebrated. The principal address was given by Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston. Rev. Dr. E. C. Bass and Rev. H. B. Cady, pastors of the Methodist churches, participated in the services.

A little more than a year ago the pews of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Newport, passed from the corporation which had owned them many years into the custody of the board of trustees, in harmony with the provisions of the Discipline. Since that time an entirely new plan has been adopted, whereby sittings have been rented at one dollar each per annum. The plan has worked admirably. Every seat has been taken on the floor and many in the galleries. The audiences have greatly increased under this arrangement and the church and congregation are universally satisfied. No one is kept from attendance upon the services of the church by reason of the high price of seats. A large number of persons have joined the church during the pastorate of Dr. E. C. Bass, who is eminently popular both in the church and community. Repairs have recently been made upon the tower, and the edifice has been painted.

A recent issue of the Newport Mercury contained the poem of Rev. J. A. L. Rich, of Embury Church, Central Falls, which he read at the laying of the corner-stone of the First Church, Pawtucket.

Rev. H. B. Cady, of Newport, occupied the pulpit of the church in Middletown, Aug. 26, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Allen, who is traveling abroad.

Wickford.—Work on this pleasant charge is much enjoyed by the pastor, Rev. W. D. Woodward. Some have lately risen for prayers. On Sunday evening, Aug. 19, Prof. P. H. Buechler, of Boston, gave an instructive and profitable lecture on "Worship through Song," and remained during the week giving instructions each evening in voice culture, the latter half of the evening being devoted to the rendering of familiar hymns with expression and feeling. So pleased were the people that they asked him to remain for a second week of song. Any church engaging Prof. Buechler is sure of a profitable season of musical instruction and spiritual refreshing. On Sunday, Sept. 3, the people were favored with two earnest, spiritual sermons from that veteran of the New York East Conference, Rev. John Parker, who clearly presented the Scriptural and Methodist doctrine of entire sanctification.

X. X. X.

Maine Conference.

Lewiston District.

Berlin, N. H.—The corner-stone of our new church edifice was laid with appropriate ceremonies, Aug. 10. The foundation is completed, the frame up, the larger part of the lumber ordered and already upon the ground. It is desired to make the church an "album church." The churches upon Lewiston District are invited to contribute a window each, the name of the church so contributing being put upon the window. It will doubtless prove a work of no small difficulty in the midst of these hard times to build a church edifice in Berlin. Pastor Greenhalgh and a little company of devoted members are putting forth heroic, self-sacrificing efforts. But help is required from outside. Methodism is needed in this large village, with its rapidly-increasing population, soon to be a city. Let well-to-do members and prosperous churches secure a blessing to themselves by contributing their gifts upon the struggling society at Berlin. All contributions may be sent at once to Rev. M. B. Greenhalgh.

Lisbon and Lisbon Falls.—Rev. G. D. Holmes comes to the work of this charge with an enthusiasm which has captured the people. Extra meetings are in progress, with promise of good results.

Beacon Street, Bath.—Extensive repairs have been made upon the church edifice. The old sills have been replaced, the exterior of the building has been painted, also the interior of the lecture-room. The entire property is now in excellent order. Meanwhile the spiritual interests of the church flourish, congregations are large, and social services interesting and profitable.

JUNIOR.

Portland District.

Saco.—The enterprise of the church and pastor has again turned into the channel of church improvements, and they have extracted some good out of something as hard as hard times. Practical brethren whom the "shut down" set at liberty said, "Time is money; besides cash we will give 'money'—so the work is done and well done. The fence has been removed on the easterly side of the church, and by a good job of turning, a lawn connects with the yard in the rear of the house of worship, and on the other side the front fence and a part of the line fence have been removed. The large vestry and seats have been painted, the walls tinted, carpeting supplied for the vestibule, and other important improvements made. The paint will be

(Continued on Page 13.)



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Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Codebrook, N. H., Camp-meeting, Sept. 19-14
 Epworth League Con., at Grace Ch., Bangor, Sept. 11, 12
 W. H. M. S. meeting, at St. Albans, Vt., Sept. 12
 Pilgrim Union of Epworth League, Wollaston, Sept. 13
 Aroostook County Min. Assn., at Caribou, Me., Sept. 17-19
 Annual meeting of the W. H. M. Society of the
 N. E. Southern Conference at New Bedford, Sept. 25, 26
 Annual meeting of W. H. M. S. at Lynn Com-
 mon Church, Oct. 3, 4

Money Letters from Aug. 30 to Sept. 5.

J. Q. Angell. T. A. Bent, C. A. Bixby, H. D. Bourne,
 J. H. Baker, Mrs. E. A. Barrett, J. C. Cooper, Miss B.
 Dorey, Dauchy & Co., Mrs. H. P. Davis, G. F. Durgin, L.
 P. Frost, E. C. Hinkley, J. L. Harvey, H. Henderson,
 Miss S. M. Heywood, C. I. Hood & Co., A. D. Littlefield,
 P. N. Lynch, S. M. McFarland, Mrs. F. A. Marsh, C. M.
 Pease, Mrs. J. A. Pettigill, Royal Baking Powder Co.,
 Lincoln Skirke, Stafford Mineral Springs Co., H. P.
 Stocker, F. G. Schneck, A. Sanderson, Reuben Towle,
 Robert Ward, Mrs. A. Wilson.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. A. F. Herrick, 23 Wadsworth Avenue, Waltham,
 Mass.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE NOTICE.—There will
 be a meeting of the Conference Board of Church Ex-
 tension in the parlor of the Y. M. C. A. Building, Bangor,
 Tuesday, Sept. 11, at 1.30 p. m., to act on several ap-
 plications that have been received. It is important that
 each member of the Board and persons interested be
 present. Pastors should, as far as possible, forward
 their collections to Philadelphia before this date and
 notify their presiding elder of the amount sent, so the
 largest amount of aid possible may be granted.

Per order, I. H. W. WARE, Sec'y.

W. F. M. S.—The annual meeting of the New England
 Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will
 be held in Trinity Church, Worcester, Oct. 9-11.
 Auxiliary societies are urged to arrange for their
 meetings so that all funds may be forwarded to the
 Conference treasurers by Sept. 25. Send all money on
 hand, as every penny will be needed to meet the ap-
 propriations of the present fiscal year. Especially is it
 desirable that all of the silver offerings, so far as pos-
 sible, be sent at this time. Be prompt in remitting, and
 each Auxiliary will receive full credit in the annual re-
 port for the contributions of the year. Do not forget the
 date, Sept. 25, and send to the CONFERENCE TREAS-
 URE.

MARY B. HOLT, Branch Treasurer.

THE ALPHA CHAPTER OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY
 holds monthly meetings at 1.30 p. m. on the third Monday
 in the month, from October to June, with the exception of
 April, when the session of the Conference Association
 is held. Arrangements are practically completed for a
 paper or address for every meeting during the year.
 Dr. Warren, Professors Bowne and Morris, and others
 of our own alumni, will contribute papers. Let us not
 forget that a good attendance contributes to enthu-
 siasm, and interest adds point to profit. As usual, the
 meetings will be held in the trustees' parlor at No. 13
 Somerset St.

EDWIN H. HUGHES, Sec'y.

OF IMPORTANCE TO PARENTS.—Will the parents
 or guardians of all Methodist students who intend to
 enter the Bridgewater State Normal School this
 autumn, whether for the first time or not, please send to
 Rev. L. E. Lovejoy, pastor of the M. E. Church in
 Bridgewater, the names of any such students, stating
 whether they are members of the church, or simply
 students, together with any other facts which will
 enable the pastor there to care for them spiritually?
 If they are to stay more than a term, send their church
 letters with them. Many students lose place in their
 appropriate church home, and many valuable scholars
 are lost to Methodism every year, by inattention to
 these details. Will not the pastors, also, search out
 any such students, and generously furnish any in-
 formation regarding them?

REOPENING AT BRIDGEWATER.—The M. E. Church
 of Bridgewater, Mass., will be formally reopened on
 Thursday, Sept. 13, at 2 p. m. The church edifice has
 been thoroughly remodeled, at an expense of about
 \$1,000, a new vestry, social room, and kitchen added,
 electric lights, hot air furnace, and stained glass
 windows put in, and the auditorium, pews, pulpit,
 platform, and all interior arrangements completely
 changed. Rev. L. E. Bates, D. D., of Boston, has been
 secured to deliver the sermon, and the music furnished
 will be of a high order. All former and neighboring
 pastors, members, and friends of the church are in-
 vited to be present. A hearty welcome will await all.

LUTHER E. LOVEJOY, Pastor.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

SEPT.
 1, 3, Hebron's & Dodge's, 24, 25, a m, Hingham.
 14, East Greenwich, 25, p m, East Weymouth,
 15, Centerville, Porter Church.
 16, Mansfield, First Ch., 24, East Weymouth.
 17, " Emmanuel, 24, Epworth League Con., at
 Central Falls.
 18, Prov., Hope St., 25, Prov., Chestnut St.
 19, 14, a m, Hill's Grove, 25, 26, a m, Southton.
 20, Attleboro', 25, 26, a m, North Easton.
 21, Prov., Mathewson St., 26, eve, North Easton.

OCT.
 1, North Easton, 15, Portsmouth;
 1, North Stoughton, 15, Cochesett.
 4, Hope, 20, 21, a m, Holbrook.
 1, Wakefield, 21, p m, W. Abington.
 4, 1, a m, Prov., Swedish, 22, 23, Dist. Min. Associat'n.
 4, 1, a m, " Trinity, 24, East Braintree,
 4, 1, a m, " 25, South Braintree,
 11, Drowsville, 26, East Providence.
 12, Central Falls, 27, 28, a m, Newport, Ist Ch.
 14, 14, a m, Riverside, 26, eve, 26, Newport, Swed'n.
 14, eve, Drowsville, 30, Newport, Middletown.
 17, Prov., Mt. Pleasant, 31, " Thames St.

NOV.
 1, Pawtucket, Thomson Ch., 16, Prov., Cranston St.
 4, 1, a m, Brockton, Pearl St., 17, 18, a m, Woonsocket.
 4, eve, " Franklin, 18, eve, French Mission.
 6, " Central, 21, Bristol.
 6, 1, a m, " Swedish, 21, Warren.
 6, p m, " South St., Pawtucket, Ist Church.
 14, p m, North Rahoboth, 24, 25, a m, Arnold's Mills.
 14, eve, Charlton, 26, eve, 26, Berkeley.
 17, Prov., Ridgewood, 27, Prov., Broadway.
 30, Pontiac, Swedish.

DEC.
 1, 1, 1, a m, 18, Prov., Asbury.
 4, 1, a m, 18, 19, Prov., St. Paul's.
 4, 1, a m, " Hatherly.
 4, 1, a m, " Tabernacle.
 4, 1, a m, " 16, Wickford.
 1, 1, a m, " 20, Prov., Wanskuck.
 1, 1, a m, " 21, Foxboro'.

S. O. NEWTON,

Marriages.

WHEELER—MORGAN.—In Bethel, Me., Aug. 22, by
 Rev. B. Franklin Fickett, Chas. B. Wheeler and Mabel
 F. Morgan, all of B.
WADLEIGH—SCATES.—In Mt. Vernon, Me., Aug. 13, by
 Rev. E. Gerry, Wm. W. Wadleigh and Rose A. Scates,
 both of Belgrade.

STONE—BUTLER.—At East Livermore Camp-ground,
 Aug. 24, in the cottage of the bride's father, C. E.
 Butler, by Rev. E. Gerry, Leslie T. Stone and Edith
 M. Butler, both of Mt. Vernon, Me.

Deaths.

FAIRWELL.—In Chester, Me., Aug. 24, Mary B. Fair-
 well, member of the M. E. Church at Patten, Me.

ROBIE.—Aug. 14, Leona J. Robie, wife of H. B. Robie,
 of Salem Depot, aged 67 years and 8 months.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE meets on Monday,
 Sept. 18, at 10 a. m., in Bromfield Street Church. Topic,
 "The Keynote of the Coming Year." Speakers: Rev.
 Drs. Lorimer, Lansing and Bates. The public is invited.
 WILL C. WOOD, Sec'y.

Apportionments for Dover District.
1894-'95.

EXPLANATION.—P. E. means Presiding Elder; Bp.,
 Bishop; Ch. Ex., Church Extension; Fr. A., Freedmen's
 Aid; C. C. Conference Claimants; and G. C. Ex., ex-
 penses of delegates to the General Conference of 1896.
 If this apportionment is paid this year, no call will be
 made on that charge for this purpose next year.
 N. B. The Bishop's claim cannot be ignored, but
 must be paid pro rata with that of pastor and P. E.
 The Stewards of Dover District, at their annual meet-
 ing, Aug. 22, 1894, made and published apportionments
 for collection this year, as follows:—

	P.	E.	Ch.	Fr.	C. C.	G. C.
	Ex.	Bp.	Ex.	A.	C.	Ex.
Amesbury,	\$70	\$17	\$30	\$30	\$17	\$10
Auburn,	13	4	4	4	4	2
Brookfield,	4	1	3	3	1	1
Candia,	10	3	4	4	3	1
Chester,	13	4	4	4	4	2
Dover,	112	30	56	56	36	13
E. Hampstead,	8	3	4	4	3	1
E. Kingston,	8	3	4	4	3	1
E. Rochester,	28	9	14	14	9	4
E. Wolfboro',	8	3	4	4	3	1
Eppling,	26	9	14	14	9	4
Exeter,	44	14	22	22	14	7
Greenland,	28	10	14	14	10	4
Hampton,	30	7	10	10	7	3
Haverhill, First,	70	19	35	35	19	10
" Grace,	100	25	50	50	25	11
" Third,	14	5	8	8	5	2
Kingston,	12	4	8	8	4	2
Lawrence, First,	112	36	66	66	36	13
" Garden St.,	80	20	40	40	20	11
" St. Mark's,	28	9	14	14	9	4
" St. Paul's,	16	5	8	8	5	2
Lowell, Centralville,	28	9	14	14	9	4
Merrimacport,	12	4	8	8	4	2
Methuen,	28	9	14	14	9	4
Milton Mills,	16	5	8	8	5	2
Moultonville,	8	3	4	4	3	1
Newmarket,	28	9	14	14	9	4
North Wakefield,	4	1	3	3	1	1
Portsmouth,	44	14	22	22	14	7
Raymond,	16	5	8	8	5	2
Rochester,	72	18	36	36	18	10
Salisbury,	44	14	22	22	14	7
Somersworth,	72	18	36	36	18	10
Sandown,	6	2	3	3	2	1
Smithtown,	16	5	8	8	5	2
South Newmarket,	28	9	14	14	9	4
Taftonboro',	8	3	4	4	3	1
Wolfboro' Junction,	16	5	8	8	5	2
West Hampstead,	8	3	4	4	3	1

G. W. NORRIS, Pres. Dist. Stewards' Meet'g.
 HENRY LITTLE, Sec'y.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the 15th page for
 announcement of the latest publications of the
 Methodist Book Concern.

A Golden Wedding.

THE fiftieth milestone has been reached and
 the golden wedding celebrated by Rev. and
 Mrs. C. F. Allen, of Portland. Few preachers
 have been so well known in the Maine and East
 Maine Conferences as Dr. Allen. He graduated
 at Bowdoin College in 1839, being one of the
 first four of his class to receive special honors
 at the Commencement. He has had many posi-
 tions of honor in the gift of the Maine Confer-
 ence, and in the East Maine served a full term
 as pastor of First Church, Bangor, and then was
 called to be president of the State College at
 Orono. Mrs. Allen is also from a well-known
 family, and sister of the late Rev. Charles Morse,
 a pastor greatly beloved by the preachers and
 churches in Maine.

A reception was given in the West End
 Church, of which Dr. Allen is pastor. The
 room was beautifully decorated, and many
 friends came to bring greetings and tokens of
 love and friendship. Rev. E. C. Rogers, in a
 felicitous way, conducted the ceremonies, call-
 ing for remarks from friends, who expressed
 sincere and hearty congratulations at the good
 fortune of the couple whom God has richly
 blessed and spared to reach the fiftieth anni-
 versary of their wedding. A nephew, Rev. E.
 A. Rand, read a thoughtful paper entitled "The
 Golden Wedding," and Mrs. Rand read a de-
 lightful poem. By way of recalling pleasant as-
 sociations, and expressing joy because of the
 many successes of the happy pair, the following
 persons spoke: Reva. Charles Munger, G. R.
 Palmer, J. Luce, G. D. Lindsay, T. P. Adams,
 and D. B. Randall. After the speaking refresh-
 ments were served. Mrs. J. A. Locke, Mrs.
 Weston F. Miliken, Mrs. Barnes, and the
 daughters of Rev. F. C. Rogers, with others,
 rendered valuable assistance.

Mrs. Brown, the eldest daughter of Rev. and
 Mrs. Allen, resides in California. The other
 children—William, Charles and Isabel—were
 present. Many of the very large circle of friends
 in Maine, New England, and the wider country
 would have counted it a pleasure to join those
 who met on this delightful occasion; and they
 do join us in saying: May the pathway of Mr.
 and Mrs. Allen "shine more and more to the
 perfect day," and may they have so many of
 life's blessings as shall best fit them for joys
 immortal!

THE CONFERENCE.

(Continued from Page 11.)

well dried before the brethren and sisters arrive
 for Conference. The house has a cheerful aspect
 inside and out. The religious work is going
 well, with frequent accessions.

Old Orchard.—Mrs. Green is building a sea-
 side rest for returned missionaries at this place,
 where she makes her summer residence. The
 building is also a memorial for Mrs. Green's
 daughter, Minnie, who died at seven years of
 age, and who expressed the desire "to take the
 tired old somebody." Thus the sympathy of the
 child and the philanthropy of the mother result
 in a missionary home. It is truly a beautiful
 idea, and in the midst of the surging masses of
 the world and the sharp competition of this gen-
 eration there are plentiful opportunities to multi-
 ply like commendable enterprises.

Seabrook.—About twelve persons have sought
 Christ at this place since Conference. A few of
 them had made some movement before, but most
 are new converts, and, if faithful, they can be a
 great help to this church. The pastor has re-
 turned, improved in health and ready for au-
 tumn work.

East Maine Conference.

Rockland District.

Boothbay Harbor.—Rev. J. F. Haley is hav-
 ing a very successful pastorate. This church be-
 lieves in business methods. A workable system
 well worked would be a blessing to any church.
 In this way all bills may be paid to date. (1)
 Estimate the full expense of running the church
 and then secure weekly offerings to cover the
 same. (2) Collect all subscriptions and pay all
 bills at least quarterly. (3) By successful effort
 in church finances, destroy all prejudice against
 the collection box.

East Boothbay.—Rev. V. P. Wardwell is here
 for his first year. The pastorate opens well.
 Large congregations and good social meetings
 are reported by the people. The salary has been
 advanced \$50 and finances are in good condition.
 The summer visitors are much pleased with the
 services, and their presence and co-operation
 are appreciated by pastor and people. We ex-
 pect a prosperous year at this point.

Southport.—The outlook on this charge is
 hopeful. A good revival on this island would
 be a great joy to the people. The spirit of the
 congregation points that way. Rev. J. W.
 Price is full of faith and energy. Sunday even-
 ing services are growing in power. The trouble-
 some question of finance is well in hand, the
 salary being paid to date. Arthur W. Price, son
 of the pastor, has been granted a local preacher's
 license, and will supply at Westport until the
 last of September, when he expects to go to
 Wesleyan. He graduated from the East Maine
 Conference Seminary last spring.

Clinton.—The average attendance at class-
 meeting for the past eleven weeks has been 25,
 against 14 last year. The class-meeting is a very
 good "church thermometer." Sunday, August
 12, Rev. J. R. Baker preached to the delight of
 his old parishioners. The pastor is using Dr.
 Long's "Pulpit Paintings." One person was
 received by letter, Aug. 19.

North Palermo.—The severest thunder-storm
 for years passed over this place Sunday night,
 Aug. 19. Lightning struck the chapel and in-
 jured it quite badly.

Friendship.—Sunday, Aug. 19, Rev. W. H.
 Powlesland baptized 16 persons by immersion.
 This work speaks for itself. About seventy
 have been baptized in this town within the past
 two months by the pastors of the different de-
 nominations.

The mass Sunday-school convention at Noble-
 boro, Aug. 21, was a grand success. Good ar-
 rangements, fine day, pleasing program, and
 able management, in the general verdict.
 Special thanks are due Hon. F. I. Carney.
 West Alna secured the organ by vote. Friend-
 ship, by full attendance of school, carried off
 the banner.

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 chimney to get for your burner
 or lamp. The "Index to
 Chimneys" tells. It is equally
 useful to you and to him.

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 chimneys last as a teacup
 lasts.

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 lutely pure and reliable, and costs
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MT. WASHINGTON.

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 it, a low-rate trip to the sum-
 mit of Mt. Washington will be
 run in connection with the
 Manchester Convention, Oct.
 4, 5. The mountains will then
 be clad in their most beau-
 tiful robes. Parties must reg-
 ister early.

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 BY REV. F. B. GRAVES, D. D., President of the Union
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 It sells at sight in every town. 1/2 The best chance ever offered
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 a lady, sold in one Sunday-school; another, 100 in 15 days.
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 Terrible headaches from which
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 falo, N. Y.

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SIX THOUSAND PERSONS
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Our Book Table.

The Revival and the Pastor. By Jonas Oramel Peck. D. D. Introduced by J. M. Buckley, D. D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. On sale by C. E. Magee. Price, \$1.

Dr. Peck was a unique man. The mold in which his life was fashioned has been destroyed, so that we may not anticipate the appearance of his like. The preacher, pastor and revivalist were combined in him more completely than in any other man we ever knew. He was many-sided and well up on all sides. He was distinguished above his fellows as a revival pastor. His enthusiasm was immense and remained at white heat three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, so that his successes in his churches were marvelous. He accounted it as nothing to double his membership. Many preachers were desirous to know how he did it. Perhaps he could not tell the whole secret, but a good part of it is revealed in this admirable volume, which will be studied by Methodist preachers with the utmost interest and profit. The book is a masterpiece of its kind. No one who wishes to know how to promote revivals will fail to read it. It tells the secret of conquest by one who had conquered. The information is considerable; the inspiration still more. It is the Christian Oramel writing commentaries on his own conquests in another Gaul. It tells how the leader is to train and demean himself, and how he is to drill and inspire the men in the ranks, as well as how to secure the captains and to make of them in turn valiant soldiers to carry new and large conquests. Dr. Peck did much in his life, but we hazard nothing in saying that he will do more through this book than he did in person. His influence will touch and kindle at a thousand points at the same time. Let not Methodist preachers forget to be revivalists. It was this which built the Methodist Church; and the same fire is needed today to meet and conquer the indifference and worldliness everywhere about us. The world has no essentially new want; men are lost and guilty as of old, and their great need is a warm and saving Gospel. This will cure our ills; nothing else will do it. Methodist preachers have great churches today over which they must be pastors; read Dr. Peck and see how possible it is to be revivalists also. Study the books, become as learned as possible; but be careful not to allow the fire to burn dim on the altar, or the secret of capturing souls to be lost. You may not be another Peck; you can yet gain instruction and inspiration from his words.

A Harmony of the Gospels. Being the Life of Jesus Christ in the Words of the Four Evangelists. Arranged by W. H. Withrow, D. D., F. R. S. C. From the Revised Version of the New Testament. Cincinnati: Craton & Curtis. On sale by C. E. Magee, Boston. Price, 50 cents.

For the student of the New Testament a good harmony of the four Gospels is indispensable. To be sure, he has the whole in the evangelical narratives and can make the comparison for himself, but there is a certain great advantage in having the matter arranged in printed form before the eye. The mere drudgery is thus performed by the harmonist, and the student is able to study and compare with ease and pleasure. Harmonies, of which we have a large number, are either parallel or continuous. In the former, the matter of the four Gospels is arranged in parallel columns so that the relation of each to the other may be seen at a glance. In this way the entire matter of the four Gospels is given in the harmony. In the continuous harmony a consecutive narrative is constructed by selections from the four Gospels. This is a dissertation or monotesaron. It has the advantage of compactness. It shows the events in our Lord's ministry in order, with references in the foot-notes to the evangelist from which the particular sentence or clause was taken. The monotesaron of Dr. Withrow is an admirable piece of work. Unlike the work of Dr. Strong, which is both a continuous and parallel harmony, Dr. Withrow uses as a base the Revised Version. The volume is neatly gotten up and is so small as to be easily handled. In cases where the narrative becomes intricate, the author adds the parallels so as to make the whole entirely clear. We are sure this little volume will attract the attention and secure the favor of our preachers, especially of our studious young men. The lay student will find it no less valuable, especially if he be a Sunday-school teacher.

The First Words from God; or, Truths Made Known in the First Two Chapters of Genesis. Also, **The Harmonizing of the Records of the Resurrection Morning.** By Francis W. Upham, LL. D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 50 cents.

In this volume are two books on quite different subjects. The first and longer one considers the cosmological words in Genesis; the second is a method of harmonizing the records of the four evangelists in the matter of Christ's resurrection. The author is a clear thinker and suggestive writer, but he makes one mistake in this volume—he furnishes no table of contents or index; his wares are put on exhibition without being catalogued. In this way they are less likely to be understood and appreciated, or to be purchased. In spite of this defect the volume is worth examining for its thought and transparent sentences. He endeavors to give us the ideas for which the old cosmologic words stand. He translates the ancient into the modern, showing that the inspired writer, in the very beginning of revelation, grasped some of the great thoughts to which modern science has so laboriously come. He paraphrases some things in Taylor Lewis. As a specimen of his style and way of putting things, take the following:—

"In the generation of the lowest plant there is a secret that baffles the microscope and defies

the chemist. It will not give itself up. There is no possibility that science will ever reach the origin of things. That is out of, away from, and above, the fields of science and philosophy. What creation is in itself is unrevealed, is perhaps unrepresentable; yet in that word from God which begins the Bible we have found force originating, as it only can originate, from spirit. We have found the making, out of infinite, formless force, of that which has form, has visibility and weight, has an identity which constitutes it a thing distinct from each and every other thing. We have found the element Light—in finding which we find motion, which belongs not to matter; and we have found Life, whose secret eludes the grasp of physical and metaphysical science. In finding all this—and other truths besides—we have found what anticipates the best accredited science, so far as its thoughts can fix upon anything concerning the first form of things; and it goes beyond all human thought, for man can only repeat that God created the heavens and the earth. And there is, and ever will be, the incomprehensible presence of the Infinite Spirit in everything that is made, upholding its selfhood."

Such is a brief résumé of his book in its first part. The second is an ingenious little harmony.

The Art of Illustration. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Wilbur J. Ketcham. Price, \$1.

The preacher who would be popular with his flock must illustrate the message he delivers; abstract truth is grasped only when given in picture and parable. "Reasons," said quaint old Fuller, "are the pillars of the fabric of the sermon; but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights." Illustration serves to brighten the discourse, to open up the meaning, and to hold the attention of the audience. Illustration is like holding the flame of a lamp over the page; the truth starts into life and marches, as it were, out of its hiding-places. Mr. Spurgeon understood the secret of illustration. This little volume contains five lectures given by the great London preacher in the Pastors' College, an annex to his Metropolitan Tabernacle. The first two were revised by Spurgeon, the second two were partially revised by him, and the last was printed from the reporter's notes. He opens with a lecture on the general subject of illustration; the second deals with the use of anecdotes and incidents in the pulpit; the third continues to treat of anecdotes and illustrations; the fourth considers the sources of anecdotes and illustrations; while the fifth treats of science as a source of illustration. The suggestions of the book are judicious and practical, showing the young preacher where to get his illustrations and how to use them to the best advantage. Good sense must be the preacher's guide.

Primary Convictions. By William Alexander, D. D., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This substantial volume contains the lectures on subjects connected with the Evidences of Christianity delivered before the president, faculties and students of Columbia College by Bishop Alexander. Instead of presenting the ordinary evidences in favor of our holy religion, the author selects as evidences the fundamental and primary truths accepted by Christendom, such as are embodied in the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds. The existence of God, the incarnation of Jesus Christ, the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the final judgment, the Bible, Christ's continuous work, Christ's divinity, the general resurrection, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, are the main topics in these lectures, which are for thinkers, the lines of thought being out of the ordinary ruts. The author thinks clearly and forcibly and delivers his message in strong and impressive language.

The Heroic in Missions: The Pioneers in Six Fields. By Rev. A. B. Buckland, M. A. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, 50 cents.

As the title indicates, this little volume contains biographical sketches of four leaders who labored in exposed fields entered by the Church of England. It tells of the Episcopal pioneers in Japan, Uganda, the Canadian Far West, the Punjab and Lakaja. The record will be interesting especially to those of the Episcopal faith. It makes a delightful study of Christian heroism.

Our Bible: How It Has Come to Us. By Rev. E. T. Talbot, M. A. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, 50 cents.

The five chapters of this little book were first contributed to the *Sunday Magazine*. The author presents the main facts about our English Bible in a neat and orderly form. Though the book makes no pretense to original research, it has the great merit of presenting the conclusions of the latest scholarship. The facts are sought with extreme care and given in a simple and clear style. It is a book for those who have little leisure and yet wish an intelligent view about our Bible.

Following the Star; or, The Story of the Wise Men. American S. & S. Union: Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.

The "Story of the Wise Men" paints the far East at the birth of our Saviour. The story flows on freely, gathering to itself every circumstance which could give interest to the narrative or illustrate the manners and customs of the age, together with the Messianic notions afloat in the social atmosphere of the East. The anonymous author makes good use of the material appropriate to be used in the story, working the same vein as that followed in "Ben Hur."

Songs of the Soul. Edited by J. F. Barry and James M. Black. Hunt & Eaton: New York. Price, 10 cents; \$1 a hundred.

Here is a small collection of one hundred winnowed hymns, with music. The newest and best, full of joy and sunlight, they sing themselves. Properly rendered, they cannot fail to be an uplift to a social meeting for young or old.

Godfrey Bress; A Tale of Persecution. By Sarah J. Jones. American S. & S. Union: Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.

The scene of the story is laid in Germany, and is designed to exhibit the temper and methods of the Roman Catholic Church. The persecuting spirit remains and revives the moment opportunity is afforded. The little book is an object lesson for Americans.

Magazines.

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for September contains fourteen articles on current scientific topics. James Sully treats the "Studies of Childhood," giving the imaginative side of play. Dr. Armstrong has an able article on "Scientific Education." Dr. Leonard gives a translation on the "Work of Dust." Stuart Jenkins shows how possible it may be to explore in arctic temperatures. There is a biographical sketch of Ernst Mühlenberg, with a portrait. "Science as a Means of Culture," "Seventeenth Century Astrology," "The Humming Birds of Chocorus," and the "Commercial Power Development of Niagara" are the titles to other articles. (D. Appleton & Company: New York.)

—Current literature for September shows no sign of the literary dullness. The readings from new books are graphic and interesting. They include: "The Vengeance of Padre Arroyo," a short story from Gertrude Atherton's new volume, "Before the Gringo Came;" "The Divorce of Napoleon," from Baron de Meneval's "Memoirs;" "The Treasure Ship," by Clark Russell; "Belle Plante's New Coat," a humorous sketch of a miser's wooing, by Claude Tilier; "Rescuing the King," from Anthony Hope's thrilling story, "The Prisoner of Zenda;" "Cynicism in Allegory," by Oscar Wilde. The two literary celebrities of the month honored by special articles are George du Maurier and George Meredith. The poetry comprises fifty-nine poems. Departments on "Among the Plants," "Modern Medicine and Surgery," "Sport and Recreation," "The Sketch Book," "Travel the World Over," "Matters Musical, Artistic and Dramatic," "Applied Science," "Table Talk," etc., complete a delightful number. (Current Literature Publishing Co.: 52-54 Lafayette Place, New York.)

—The fourteen articles in the September number of *Scribner's* furnish a large amount of good reading. F. Marion Crawford does Bar Harbor in a way that will not please the dwellers in that seaside resort. He has a very poor opinion of the place and little appreciation of the improvements made by the summer people. Lummholtz contributes an interesting article on "Indian Life in the Tarikumar." Philip Gilbert Hamerton has an appreciative criticism on Ulpiano Checa's painting, "The Unlucky Meeting," engraved by F. S. King, and given as a frontispiece. Octave Thanet sketches various types of people in our American cities. Mrs. James T. Fields has a delightful article on the "Third Shelf of Old Books"—jottings about authors of a little while ago, such as Thackeray, Lamb, and back to Johnson. "The Electrician in Charge" and "The Tapestry of the New World" the reader will wish to examine. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

—The *Biblical World* for September contains seven suggestive articles on a good variety of topics. The editor opens with a study on the life of Christ, and is followed by Prof. Riggs in a study of Judean geography. The editor strikes in again on "The Deluge in Other Literatures and History;" and T. J. Ramadell follows in an article on the "Kingdom of Heaven in Matthew." Merwin-Marie Snell continues "Hinduism's Points of Contact with Christianity." (University of Chicago.)

—The September *Chautauquan* has much of value in its departments of "General Reading" and "Woman's Council Table." J. E. V. Cooke deals with the financial question under the head, "6000 Tons of Gold;" "Sunday Reading," "Englishmen who Won Fame in India," "Studying in the Dark Continent," "American Town Names," and "The Mound Builders," are among the other titles. (Theodore L. Flood: Meadville, Pa.)

—The *Treasury* for September has a valuable list of articles. Among them are sermons by John T. Chalmers and F. B. Meyer, and an address given at Wellesley by Dr. J. H. Barrows on "The Ideal Woman: Her Perils and Opportunities." There are also "Thoughts for Sermons." (E. B. Treat: Cooper Union, New York.)



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Camp-Meetings.

Empire Grove Camp-meeting, East Poland, Me.—The meeting upon these old, historic grounds commenced Aug. 9 and closed Aug. 20. The grounds were never in better condition, and everything connected with the encampment was pleasant and inviting. The spiritual interests of the meeting were in charge of Rev. J. A. Corey, presiding elder of the Lewiston District, and his management of the meeting was very satisfactory. An efficient board of directors carefully looked after all its temporal interests, and from beginning to close everything was pleasant and harmonious. Excellent order prevailed throughout the entire session, and notwithstanding there was an immense crowd numbering at least five thousand people present on the last Sabbath of the meeting, not a single act inconsistent with the strict observance of the day was witnessed. To this great crowd Rev. E. T. Adams, of Auburn, in the forenoon, and Rev. Dr. C. W. Gallagher, president of the Seminary and College at Kent's Hill, in the afternoon, preached powerful, eloquent sermons. The singing by a large choir under the lead of Rev. T. F. Jones, of Lewiston, with Miss Miles, of Lisbon, at the organ, was grand and inspiring.

The preaching was above the average at such meetings and greatly enjoyed by attentive audiences who listened to it. The following ministers preached from the several texts following their names: William Bragg, West Cumberland, Hebrews 12: 6; C. F. Potter, Durham, John 1: 47; Wm. H. Middleton, Oxford, Matt. 22: 42; T. F. Jones, Lewiston, John 9: 4; G. D. Holmes, Lisbon, Hebrews 5: 5 (first Sunday); J. A. Corey, Lake 8: 8; E. S. Stackpole, Auburn, Act. 2: 26; J. M. Buffum, Matt. 5: 16; H. A. Pearce, James 4: 14; W. H. Gowell, Luke 19: 6; G. B. Hannaford, Rumford Falls, Psa. 16: 11; George C. Andrews, Mechanic Falls, John 16: 8; A. S. Staples, Fryeburg, 2 Tim. 3: 17; J. H. Roberts, Norway, 1 Pet. 5: 6; H. L. Nichols, South Paris, 1 Kings 18: 21; T. W. Chapman, Falmouth, Philippians 2: 14, 15; J. H. Bound, Newry, Matt. 5: 16; C. E. Springer, Bowdoinham, John 3: 3; T. Whiteside, Conway, N. H., Acts 3: 19; A. K. Bryant, West Paris, John 11: 25; T. W. Chapman, Gen. 1: 11; T. S. Fitch, Vermont, 2 Cor. 11: 16; E. B. Stackpole, John 15: 11; D. F. Faulkner, Rumford Falls, John 1: 29; E. T. Adams, Heb. 4: 17; G. D. Holmes, 1 John 2: 15, 16; E. T. Adams, James 5: 8; C. W. Gallagher, 2 Cor. 4: 6.

Meetings of the Epworth League were held each day at 1 P. M. in the chapel, and children's meetings at the same hour in one of the society tents. Interesting meetings of the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies were held during the meeting. One or more altar services were held each day, and were uniformly seasons of deep religious interest.

On the last Sabbath, in the morning, a wide-awake, old-fashioned love-feast was held, participated in by a very large number; and in the evening a farewell service was held at the stand, conducted by Rev. G. B. Hannaford.

The annual meeting of the members of the Empire Grove Camp-meeting Association was held Friday, Aug. 17, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. A. Corey; vice-president, Rev. E. T. Adams; secretary, I. C. Davis; treasurer, Gen. John J. Perry; directors, A. J. Gardner, Lewiston, W. H. Miles, Lisbon, Wm. B. Swan, Chelsea, Mass., Ethan Willis, South Paris, and S. H. Rogers, Bath; auditors, Dr. J. W. Coffan and Dr. D. B. Sawyer.

The meeting as a whole, both in its religious results and financial showing, was a success. There were quite a number of conversions—just how many I am unable to state—while the church received a great spiritual uplift.

This is one of the oldest, best-regulated, best-sustained camp-meetings in the State. A large number come here to take their summer vacation, occupying their cottages, many of which are finely finished and ornate, to the amusement and so arranging their time as to take in the meeting. Large sums of money have been expended upon these premises in making improvements, until it is now one of the very best and most inviting camp-meeting groves in the State.

Allen Camp-meeting, Strong.—The spacious grove situated a quarter of a mile to the eastward of the Franklin & Megantic Railroad, and about a half mile from the business portion of Strong village in Franklin County, Maine, was the scene of great religious interest and of memorable spiritual triumphs between Tuesday morning, Aug. 14, and the evening of the 18th. The place is the Allen camp-ground, which was this year in prime condition. The visitor of former years, as he entered the grounds during the meetings that have just closed, could not fail to notice that skillful hands had been at work making the place neater and more attractive than ever. Local residents wonder at so much sylvan beauty, and strangers gaze upon the scene with delight. Graceful, towering columns of birch and basswood, ash and maple, bearing aloft a canopy of living green, testify to the unrivaled skill of the Divine Architect and induce the worshippers to believe that He who fashioned the temple will fill it with His presence in answer to fervent prayer.

The present year witnessed both the prayer and the presence. Methodist preachers in this portion of the Maine Conference are only manual. Much ministerial help is needed from other sections. For this need the presiding elder had made ample provision, so that brethren who came to help from other charges labored faithfully and were instrumental in bringing up the spiritual interest to an advanced line. Strong Camp-meeting and Jupiter Pluvius have in former years visited our camp-ground together. The attendance has consequently been much smaller. The weather the present year was more propitious for a large gathering. Only in one instance was the regular preaching service held away from the auditorium. During the week the largest audiences in the history of the camp-meeting were present. The preachers were Revs. Clifford, Davis, Hamilton, King, McAllister, Nixon, Nottage, Pottle. The Law and the Gospel were faithfully announced not as the grounds for theological discussion, but as indispensable Bible doctrine. The plain, unequivocal preaching of the whole truth on Allen camp-ground in 1894 will do much in this region towards countering a liberalism that has passed considerably beyond the incipient stage. Disciples who for the first time have accepted the invitation of the Master return to their homes with a new love in their hearts. Some have returned to the Christ to be more consistent in life and to really help the cause of Christianity. The churches represented feel an increase of divine power, and, in consequence, of evangelistic zeal. The wavering confidence of some in the reality of Gospel salvation has been grandly restored. In our judgment, while the gracious results of the camp-meeting this year are many, and for which we feel duly grateful, the largest result has been the great increase of confidence which Christians have received that Bible motives to repentance, faith and the Christian life, as such motives were

offered and an earnest in the times of the Apostles, are the motives for today and must not be materially changed or held in abeyance, or translated into such terms as are demanded by the pride and unbelief of the unregenerate heart. The ministers who came from charges beyond sought to improve every opportunity for Christian labor in the altar and tent services. They returned to their homes wearied with incessant work, but carrying the benediction of hundreds who felt the contagion of their Christian enthusiasm.

The change of the meeting from the first or second week of September to the middle of August worked well, and next year the new arrangement will be repeated. Improvements and new buildings on the grounds were proposed in the meetings of the Camp-meeting Association held during the week, and the proposition will probably be materialized within the next twelve months.

J. NIXON.

Lyndonville Camp-meeting.—The hum of preparation for camp-meeting commenced about a week previous to the date of the regular service. The railroad company made many repairs about the grounds, which were much needed. The boarding-house was in the hands of the Lyndonville church, who catered successfully last year. Presiding Elder Hamilton was active in labors promotive of the interests of the Association. It is fast coming to be the practice of the churches to make this beautiful and convenient resort a place of rest and recuperation. Pastors and laymen were occupying cottages some days before the commencement of the accustomed exercises. Presiding Elder Hamilton was on the grounds two weeks or more, giving his personal supervision to improvements conducive to health and recreation.

On Monday evening a preparatory service of prayer and exhortation was led by Mr. Hamilton. Tuesday found the charges on the district well represented by their pastors. The services of the day, under the supervision of H. A. Spencer, began by prayer at the stand at 8:30, followed by preaching by Rev. F. W. Lewis, of Barton, from Joshua 6: 1-5. The children's meeting at 1 o'clock at the stand was addressed by Rev. N. La Marsh, who also sang in a very impressive style. The afternoon preaching was by Rev. W. B. Smithers, of Hardwick, from Acts 26: 19. Mr. La Marsh held a very profitable altar service at the close of the preaching service. Rev. W. E. Allen, of Craftsbury, preached in the evening, followed by meetings in the St. Johnsbury Centre, Sheffield, and other tents.

The meetings on Wednesday were under the direction of the Praying Band. A prayer-meeting was held at 8:30 in the St. Johnsbury Centre tent. Mr. S. K. Huse, of St. Johnsbury Centre, had charge of the meetings of the day. At the forenoon service the following were the speakers: A. L. Aldrich, Mr. Brown, Mrs. Huse, Miss Sergeant, Mr. Lynn, Mr. McFarland, Mr. Clark, Miss Phelps. Mr. La Marsh followed with an altar service. At the regular service at 2 P. M. the sermon was delivered by Rev. H. A. Spencer, from Mark 13: 24 and Matt. 25: 15. Wednesday evening the sermon was preached by Rev. O. M. Boutwell, of Groton, from the words: "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." The services of the day were closed by prayer-meetings in several of the tents.

Thursday was Sunday-school day, the exercises being under the direction of A. L. Bailey, of St. Johnsbury. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. G. O. Howe, of Island Pond, from 2 Timothy 2: 5. A song and remarks from Mr. La Marsh followed. At 10 o'clock the superintendents and teachers gathered on the platform. Speeches were made by A. L. Aldrich, A. L. Bailey, and Mr. Lewis, secretary of St. Johnsbury Y. M. C. A., whose subject was, "Children, Have Ye Any Meat?" A collection was then taken for aiding the Lowell charge in building a new church. In a few minutes \$250 was raised. Mrs. A. L. Bailey, of St. Johnsbury, then made the Lowell church a present of a new organ when their edifice shall be completed. The afternoon sermon was by Rev. W. E. Bennett, of Lebanon, N. H., from Acts 6: 3-5. Rev. M. H. Ryan, of Peacham, spoke in the evening from the words: "We love Him because He first loved us." Tent meetings were held afterward.

A. M. T.

LOW RATE EXCURSION.

The 26th Annual Encampment of the G. A. R. will be held at Pittsburg, Pa., during the second week of September, and as usual, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell excursion tickets to the veterans and the public at a rate of one fare for the round trip from all principal points in New England. These tickets are good going Sept. 5th to 10th, and are valid for return passage until Sept. 26th. The route is via New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, with privilege of returning same route or via Harrisburg, and stop-overs can be made at all these points within the limit. Side trips can be made from Baltimore, Washington, Harper's Ferry or Harrisburg to the battlefields at half the regular rates.

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Announcement — 1895.

(Continued from Page 1.)

shall continue to nurture it in what seems to us the wisest and most effective way.

Editorial Treatment

of all subjects within as without our church, it is our purpose to keep ZION'S HERALD true to its honorable and heroic traditions—Independent, and yet loyal to Methodism and to all truth. Its mission of conscientious criticism was never more important to the denomination than at the present hour.

Withal ZION'S HERALD will continue to be the best family paper for New England Methodists, with a single desire to serve every member of our families and every important interest of the church in New England. CHAPLAIN W. O. HOLWAY'S unrivaled SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES, with the OUTLOOK on the first page, so highly appreciated, are permanent features of the paper.

The Home Department

will remain under the able supervision of Miss ADELAIDE S. SHAEVERNS. Women, youth and children will receive generous attention, and AUNT SERENA'S talks with her feminine readers will be continued.

Several new and entertaining features will be introduced into this department this year, of especial interest to women and girls. First, Six Mothers and Six Daughters will frankly discuss a question of vital moment to both—"Our Daughters Facing Life—What Shall They Do?" In this Fireside Talk will participate: Mrs. WILLIAM CLAYTON, of Boston; Mrs. C. C. BRADGON, of Auburndale; Mrs. L. L. BREMAN, of Montpelier, Vt.; Mrs. EDEN TIERRELL, of Norwich, Conn.; Mrs. A. F. CHASE, of Bucksport, Me.; Misses JULIA EVANS, of Rosindale; ELIZABETH C. NORTHRUP, of Waltham; LOUISE F. PARKHURST, of Somerville; NELLIE M. KNOWLES, of Lynn; ANNIE M. BLISS, of Dover, N. H.; JENNIE L. HOMAN, of Boston.

Another practical topic for interchange of womanly thought and experience is—"The Wife Element in the Methodist Ministry." Mrs. O. W. SCOTT, of Willimantic, Conn.; Mrs. G. C. OSGOOD, of East Sausage; Mrs. I. G. ROSE, of South Portland, Me.; Mrs. G. L. COLLYER, of Dover, N. H.; Mrs. H. W. NORTON, of Bucksport, Me.; and Mrs. L. P. TUCKER, of Bradford, Vt., will each "speak out in meeting" concerning the peculiar demands made upon her as the wife of a Methodist minister, with the difficulties, perplexities and encouragements which fall to her lot as a member of the traveling connection.

Woman's work in the temperance field will receive special attention this year in several papers by well-known leaders. Among them we can promise "Some Personal Experiences in W. C. T. U. Work," from Mrs. KATHARINE LENTZ STEVENSON, late secretary of the Massachusetts Union, now in charge of the Department of Books and Leaflets in the W. T. P. Association at Chicago; Mrs. L. M. N. STEVENS, of Portland, Me., recording secretary of the National W. C. T. U.; Mrs. M. E. A. GLEASON, of Rosindale, State superintendent of the Department of Narcotics in the Massachusetts Union; Miss JENNIE A. STEWART, editor of *Young Women*, the national organ of the "Ys."

Reference is constantly made in the Methodist press to the old heroes of Methodism. But where are the heroines? Some of them are living near us—saints upon earth—whose experiences would read like a page from the Acts of the Apostles. We propose to give our readers some "Half Hour Interviews with some Methodist Heroines"—revered women like Mrs. WILLIAM BUTLER, Mrs. JAMES P. MAGEE, Mrs. SUSAN B. HOLWAY, Mrs. L. A. ALDERMAN.

We also intend to provide a series of practical short papers on "Occupations for Women," written by girls and women who have had thorough experience and training in the profession or business which they have chosen. The preparation of this series, which is designed especially to help young women in their choice of occupation, is not yet far enough advanced to give details.

Our One Purpose.

To make ZION'S HERALD absolutely indispensable to intelligent Methodists is our highest purpose. Neither time, strength, nor reasonable expense will be spared to achieve this object. Will not our ministers, for the best good of their churches, present ZION'S HERALD with its plans to their people, and secure at once a large list of new subscribers?

This office will be happy to furnish specimen copies in single roll to any minister who will request it, or mail to a list of names furnished for trial for one month. Let the purpose be general and successful to

Put Zion's Herald into Every Methodist Home.

New subscribers will receive the paper from the present time to 1896 for the price of one year's subscription. Have your minister send in your name at once, and pay him for the same at your leisure.

AN UNUSUAL CHANCE.

At the wholesale warehouses of Paine's Furniture Company there is to be a retail sale of a number of fine wood Pedestals at 25 or 30 per cent. under price. The designs are all new this season, and an opportunity is offered to secure a handsome Pedestal for the dining-room, hall, or library at a bare fraction of its cost.

Annual Convention of Epworth League.

It is absolutely necessary that those who will attend the Annual Convention at Manchester, N. H., should apply early for railroad transportation and boarding accommodation, in order to avoid confusion and have nobody disappointed. Besides at present there are only a limited number of accommodations arranged for, and I must know some time before the Convention whether or not it will be necessary to add any more or cancel some of those already arranged for. The rates from Boston to Manchester and return, including railroad fare, meals and lodging for two days, are \$4.25 and \$5.50; from these, the low rates from every other city and town in New England can be inferred. Please state distinctly when you will go and when return; from what place you will start; give the full name of each person, stating whether "Miss" or "Mrs." in case of ladies; and write clearly what railroads you must travel over to reach Convention. It is most desirable that each League should apply at one time for the whole number going, as it will simplify and expedite matters.

REV. FREDERICK BURRILL GRAVES,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the West and Northwest will be afforded by the Home-Seekers' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on Sept. 11th and 25th, and Oct. 9th, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold.

For further information, call on or address Ticket Agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed, free, upon application to W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

Thousands of new patrons have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla this season and realized its benefit in blood-purified and strength restored.

Review of the Week.

Tuesday, August 28.

—The Tariff bill becomes a law without the President's signature; he publishes his reasons for not signing it.

—The war fever at white heat in Japan; the Japanese in Yokohama eager to march straight to Peking.

—Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, of Brooklyn, celebrates his 91st birthday in good health.

—Li Yun appointed commander-in-chief of the Chinese forces.

Wednesday, August 29.

—The Pythian parade occurs in Washington; reviewed by the President; 8,000 men in line.

—Gov. Waite arrested at Denver, on the charge of opening a letter not addressed to him; his bail fixed at \$100.

—A vast amount of goods stored in bonded warehouses withdrawn, now that the tariff is settled.

—The town of Plass, Bohemia, with Metternich Castle, destroyed by fire.

—Geronimo and his band of warriors, who have been imprisoned for several years in the Mount Vernon barracks, Ala., to be released and allowed to return to their home in New Mexico.

—Lotteries in San Francisco and New York broken up by recent exposures.

Thursday, August 30.

—An anarchist plot to kill the King of Greece revealed by an informer.

—The International Peace Congress opens at Antwerp.

—Two mills at New Bedford resume work.

—An anti-lynching meeting held in Faneuil Hall by the National Colored League.

—Grand coaching parades at North Conway and Rutland (Mass.).

—The Dutch lose over 500 men in a battle with the troops of the rajah of Lombok whom they wished to chastise.

—Rich gold discoveries on the Yukon River, Alaska.

—A steamship line from New York to Liberia direct chartered.

Friday, August 31.

—Abbe Bruneau, a French priest, convicted of murder, robbery and arson, guillotined at Laval, France.

—The Dutch bombarding with their warships the capital of the island of Lombok.

—Saloon-keepers and bar-tenders not to be admitted to membership among the Knights of Pythias.

—Marked revival of trade.

—Ten thousand persons present at the closing services at Ocean Grove Camp-meeting, N. J.

—More fighting between the government troops and rebels in Samoa; British and German warships aid King Malletto.

—Thousands fighting forest fires in Michigan, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.

—Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, to sail for this country Sept. 10.

Saturday, September 1.

—Capt. Cross and Devery, of the New York police, found guilty of charges of bribe-taking, and dismissed from the service.

—Both the "Lucania" and the "Campania" make new records in transatlantic trips.

—The "flower boats" in the Canton River burned; 1,000 Chinese perish.

—Poles in the Pennsylvania mining region secede from Rome, and form an American Catholic Church.

—Home rule for cities sidetracked in the New York Constitutional Convention.

—Gov. Waite, of Colorado, acquitted.

—The Japanese bombarding Port Arthur.

—Death of Gen. N. P. Banks.

—Great flood in Texas; enormous damage to property and hundreds of lives lost.

—The Czar has renal calculus.

—Cholera raging in Russian Poland.

Monday, September 3.

—Foreigners in Samoa petition Germany to annex the islands, and give them a stable government.

—Fearful forest fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin; towns wiped out, and many people perish.

—The French suffer defeat by the Touaregs in Africa.

—Death, at Iowa City, of Hon. S. J. Kirkwood, the war governor of Iowa, and Secretary of the Interior in President Garfield's cabinet.

—The Mackay-Bennett cable landed at Pier A, North River—the first Atlantic cable ever laid in New York Harbor.

—A "yellow day" throughout New England yesterday, caused by smoke from forest fires.

The net gain, in the struggle of life, is what is stored away in the shape of good character; the money or material product expresses the dross. A man may acquire millions in stocks and bonds and yet be bankrupt in character, or in losing his millions of material wealth he may become rich in its best qualities. Wealth sometimes covers and gilds the corruptions of the interior

life; sometimes, also, it hides virtues which come out only when a person is stripped of everything else. The removal of the cases exposes the glory of the jewel within.

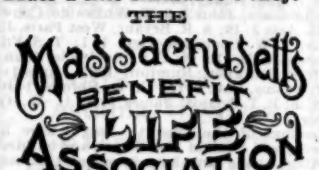
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AN ATTRACTIVE ROUTE WEST.

The visiting tourist from the Western States may not be aware that he can purchase tickets for his return trip via New York and Washington at as reasonable, and perhaps lower, rates than those in effect by the Northern lines. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is offering low rates to all important points in the West and South, and a favorable opportunity is thus presented to enable visitors from these sections to make their homeward journey via Washington and through the beautiful scenery of this route. Excellent train service, with dining cars, etc., is provided to Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and intermediate points. The route is also that of the famous Royal Blue Line between New York and Washington, on which is operated the finest and fastest system of trains in the world.

For information as to rates and stop-over privileges write to A. J. Simmons, 211 Washington St., Boston.

BAY VIEW HOUSE,

Ferry Beach.

The Coast of Maine has become noted as the great resort in summer for those seeking pure air and ozone breezes to recuperate their exhausted energies. With its long stretches of hard, sandy beach, its bold bluffs of rocks making into the sea, its inlets and cozy nooks, woodland and green fields, it is justly termed the "Garden of Eden," by all tourists and pleasure seekers.

In one of these pleasant, cozy nooks is located the BAY VIEW HOUSE, which has been a popular resort for the last fifteen years.

It is located within three hundred feet of high water mark, making a unique feature by uniting the velvet green of the lawns with the white sands of the beach.

The BAY VIEW is perfect in all its appointments, rooms singly or en suite, well ventilated, with fine views; rooms are all carpeted, well furnished, good springs on beds and hair mattresses; the corridors are wide and airy.

It has all the modern improvements, with abundant supply of pure spring water. Sanitary conditions perfect and well arranged.

Check all baggage to Old Orchard Beach.

The BAY VIEW has been under the same management for ten years past, and will continue the same in the future.

The proprietors take this opportunity of assuring their old friends and patrons of their appreciation of many favors in the past, and trust by giving their personal attention to the comfort of their guests, to continue to receive their patronage in the future, as well as to meet the approbation of all new patrons.

All letters and telegrams asking for information, rates and diagrams, promptly and cheerfully answered.

Special prices will be made to parties who wish to make arrangements for a stay of six or eight weeks or longer.

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